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UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the following **CLASSICAL SUBJECTS** have been selected for Examination in this University: viz.

For the **MATRICULATION** Examination in 1847:

Horace, Odes, Book II.

For the Examination for the Degree of **BACHELOR OF ARTS** in 1847:

Horace, Odes, Book I.

Horace, Odes, Book II.

Horace, Odes, Book III.

Horace, Odes, Book IV.

Horace, Odes, Book V.

Horace, Odes, Book VI.

Horace, Odes, Book VII.

Horace, Odes, Book VIII.

Horace, Odes, Book IX.

Horace, Odes, Book X.

Horace, Odes, Book XI.

Horace, Odes, Book XII.

Horace, Odes, Book XIII.

Horace, Odes, Book XIV.

Horace, Odes, Book XV.

Horace, Odes, Book XVI.

Horace, Odes, Book XVII.

Horace, Odes, Book XVIII.

Horace, Odes, Book XIX.

Horace, Odes, Book XX.

Horace, Odes, Book XXI.

Horace, Odes, Book XXII.

Horace, Odes, Book XXIII.

Horace, Odes, Book XXIV.

Horace, Odes, Book XXV.

Horace, Odes, Book XXVI.

Horace, Odes, Book XXVII.

Horace, Odes, Book XXVIII.

Horace, Odes, Book XXIX.

Horace, Odes, Book XXX.

Horace, Odes, Book XXXI.

Horace, Odes, Book XXXII.

Horace, Odes, Book XXXIII.

Horace, Odes, Book XXXIV.

Horace, Odes, Book XXXV.

Horace, Odes, Book XXXVI.

Horace, Odes, Book XXXVII.

Horace, Odes, Book XXXVIII.

Horace, Odes, Book XXXIX.

Horace, Odes, Book XL.

Horace, Odes, Book XLI.

Horace, Odes, Book XLII.

Horace, Odes, Book XLIII.

Horace, Odes, Book XLIV.

Horace, Odes, Book XLV.

Horace, Odes, Book XLVI.

Horace, Odes, Book XLVII.

Horace, Odes, Book XLVIII.

Horace, Odes, Book XLIX.

Horace, Odes, Book L.

Horace, Odes, Book LI.

Horace, Odes, Book LII.

Horace, Odes, Book LIII.

Horace, Odes, Book LIV.

Horace, Odes, Book LV.

Horace, Odes, Book LVI.

Horace, Odes, Book LVII.

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Horace, Odes, Book LXV.

Horace, Odes, Book LXVI.

Horace, Odes, Book LXVII.

Horace, Odes, Book LXVIII.

Horace, Odes, Book LXIX.

Horace, Odes, Book LXX.

Horace, Odes, Book LXXI.

Horace, Odes, Book LXXII.

Horace, Odes, Book LXXIII.

Horace, Odes, Book LXXIV.

Horace, Odes, Book LXXV.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

FACULTY OF ARTS AND LAWS. Session 1845-46.—The Session will commence on **WEDNESDAY, October 15**, when Professor **POTTER** will deliver an **INTRODUCTORY LECTURE**, at 2 o'clock precisely.

CLASSES.

LATIN—Professor Long, A.M.

GREEK—Professor Malden, A.M.

HERREW—Teacher, the Rev. D. W. Marks.

ITALIAN LANGUAGES—Professor Palmer, A.M.

ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE—Professor T. Taylor, A.M.

FRENCH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE—Professor Merlet.

ITALIAN LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE—Professor Popoli.

GERMAN LANGUAGE—Teacher, Mr. Wittich.

COMPARATIVE GRAMMAR—Professor Key, A.M.

MATHEMATICS—Professor De Morgan.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY AND ASTRONOMY—Professor Potter, A.M.

CHEMISTRY—Professor Graham.

PRACTICAL CHEMISTRY—Professor Fownes.

CIVIL ENGINEERING—Professor Harman Lewis, A.M.

ARCHITECTURE—Professor Donaldson.

GEOMETRY—Lecturer, Mr. Joyce.

DRAWING—Teacher, Mr. Moore.

BOTANY—Professor Lindley, Ph.D.

ZOOLOGY (Recent and Fossil)—Professor Grant, M.D.

PHILOSOPHY OF MIND AND LOGIC—Professor the Rev. J. Hoppus, Ph.D.

ANCIENT AND MODERN HISTORY—Professor Creany, A.M.

JURISPRUDENCE—Professor Hargrave, B.L.

SCHOOLMASTERS' CLASSES—Professors Long, Malden, De Morgan, and Potter.

RESIDENCE OF STUDENTS.—Several of the Professors, and some of the Masters of the Junior School, receive students to reside with them, and in the office of the College there is kept a register of parties unconnected with the College who receive boarders into their families; among these are several medical gentlemen. The register will afford information as to terms and other particulars.

FLAHERTY SCHOLARSHIPS.—A Flaherty Scholarship of 45*l.* per annum, tenable for four years, will be awarded in the session of 1845-46, by examination, to be appointed by the Council, to the best proficient in Classics among the Students of the College of two years' standing, under the age of 21 years. The examination will take place between the 7th and 10th of January. A Scholarship will be awarded in January, 1847, for Mathematics, and in January, 1848, for Classics. Printed copies of the regulations concerning these Scholarships may be had on application at the office. Prospectuses and further particulars may be obtained at the office of the College.

RICHARD POTTER, A.M., Dean of the Faculty.

CHAR. C. ATKINSON, Secretary to the Council.

August, 1845.

The Session of the Faculty of Medicine commences on the 1st of October. The Junior School opens on the 23rd of September.

GUY'S HOSPITAL.

MEDICAL AND SURGICAL SCHOOL.

Session 1845-46, commencing on **WEDNESDAY, 1st of October**, when the **INTRODUCTORY LECTURE** will be delivered at 2 o'clock, by **JOHN HILTON, Esq. F.R.S.,** Assistant Surgeon to the Hospital.

Gentlemen desirous of becoming Students of Guy's Hospital are requested to produce testimonials as to moral character and general education, and are required to pay 40*l.* for the first year, the same sum for the second, and 10*l.* for each succeeding year.

Clinical Clerks, Clinical Reporters, and Surgeons' Dressers will be selected from the Students, without any additional fee. The Dressers will be provided with rooms and common free of expense during their weeks of attendance.

Students who are now pursuing their studies at the Hospital will participate in these advantages, and will be required to pay in proportion to the sums they have already advanced.

Students requiring only a limited course to complete their studies, can make special entries for Lectures or Practice, as hereafter.

Periodical Examinations will take place, in order to ascertain if each Student has fully availed himself of the advantages afforded; and a Testimonial will be given to each, according to his assiduity and acquirements.

The Certificates required by the University of London, College of Physicians, College of Surgeons, and the Society of Apothecaries, will be given for Practice and Lectures which have been attended.

Dr. BRIGGS, Consulting Physician.

Dr. ADDISON, Dr. HARRINGTON, Dr. BARLOW, Physicians.

Dr. HUGHES, Dr. OWEN REES, Dr. GOLDING BIRD, Assistant Physicians.

Mr. ASTON KEY, Mr. MORGAN, Mr. BLANSHY COOPER, Surgeons.

Mr. CALLAWAY, Mr. COCK, Mr. HILTON, Assistant Surgeons.

Erga Infirmary—Mr. MORGAN, Surgeon.

Mr. FRANKS, Assistant Surgeon.

Lying-in Charity—Dr. LEVER, Dr. OLDFHAM, Physicians.

A Prospectus of the School, or any further particulars, may be obtained on application, either personally or by letter, to **Mr. STOCKER, Apothecary to Guy's Hospital.**

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E. W. WILLIAMS, Secretary pro tem.

Offices, 32, Charing-cross.

TO VISITORS TO THE CONTINENT.

MESSRS. J. & R. MCGRACKEN, FOREIGN

AGENTS, and AGENTS to the ROYAL ACADEMY, No. 7, Old Jewry, beg to remind the Nobility and Gentry that they continue to receive Consignments of Objects of Fine Arts, Baggage, &c., from all parts of the Continent, for clearing through the Customs House, &c.; and that they undertake the shipment of effects to all parts of the world. Lists of their Correspondents abroad, and every information, may be had on application at their Office, as above.

EAGLE INSURANCE COMPANY.

NOTICE is hereby given, that pursuant to the

Deed of Settlement an ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Proprietors of ten or more shares will be held at the office of the Company, No. 3, The Crescent, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars, on Friday, the 3rd day of October next, at 12 o'clock for 1 o'clock precisely, for the purpose of receiving the Accounts of the Company, and of Electing Four Directors in the room of Walter Anderson Esq., Charles Henry Baily Esq., M.P., Charles Thomas Holcombe Esq., and Lieutenant-General Sir John Wilson, K.C.B., and One Auditor in the room of Christopher James Campbell Esq., who go out by rotation, but who are eligible to be re-elected.

Eagle Life-office, 3, The Crescent, New Bridge-street.

Blackfriars, September 3, 1845.

By a bye-law no person can be a candidate for the Office of Director or Auditor unless he shall give notice thereof in writing to the

Actuary 14 days at the latest previous to the General Meeting.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1845.

REVIEWS

Comparative History of Spanish and French Literature—[*Histoire Comparée, &c.*] By Adolphe de Puibusque. Paris, Dentu; London, Barthes & Lowell.

THE substance of this work was written as a prize essay on the question, proposed by the French Academy, "What was the influence of Spanish literature on the French at the commencement of the 17th century?" with an intimation to the effect, that the candidates might embrace in their inquiries a larger view of the effects in France of foreign models and impressions, than the express terms of the thesis implied. The treatise by M. Puibusque was crowned by the Academy in 1842, and is now published with additions and notes, which render it more complete and instructive. The author has fully availed himself of the latitude allowed him:—aware that no sufficient estimate of the subject given could be made without enlarging the field, so as to include the earlier periods of each literature, he has attempted something like a general sketch of their rise and progress before the period in question; and has continued his survey beyond it, down to the present times. The two volumes thus contain a summary of the principal features in the literary history of each nation, and undertake to trace the causes that prepared the alternate rise and declension of their influences over each other respectively;—an inquiry which necessarily brings the whole compass of their literary annals within the author's review.

In no respect, perhaps, has the French mind made greater progress than in its growing disposition to study the productions of other nations, and in the earnestness with which it professes the desire to appreciate them fairly. The tone of contemptuous superiority with which Voltaire (himself deemed over-liberal by his contemporaries) delivers his criticisms on Shakspeare and Calderon,—to say nothing of the pert ignorance of minor pens,—is no longer assumed by any of the cultivated writers of modern France. There is much in the national character,—derived, perhaps, from its Celtic elements,—which still renders it difficult for a French student to possess himself thoroughly of the spirit of any foreign language, or to cast himself loose, in judging of its creations, from the prepossessions which he entertains on the subject of his own. Some of the very dispositions, indeed, to which his native literature owes much of its peculiar features, are opposed to the genial reception of any other; and we can hardly expect to see the French critics ever thoroughly enjoy or value the growth of a foreign soil. But they have made an immense advance, from an insolent depreciation of all but Italian authors, to the admission that there are others elsewhere deserving of examination, and even of honour, as organs of thought and poetry; which they now admit their neighbours may possess, even while rebelling against the canons of La Harpe, or exceeding the limits drawn by Boileau.

Of this greatly improved tendency, the work now before us is a very favourable instance. The author has evidently begun his task in the right spirit, and has fulfilled it with commendable diligence. There is nothing extant in the French language, as far as we know, containing an account of Spanish literature by any means so large and just as this (Sismondi's work, which is most defective in its account of Spanish letters, being no exception); and we have, for the first time, we believe, from a French critic, an attempt to survey its treasures from a point of view in which

national character and history, and the sources from whence Art and Poetry spring in the heart of a people, are in some degree comprehended. The book, accordingly, thus dealing with a theme so full of various life and interest, is a very delightful one: its style, a little allowance being made for the popular affectations of the day, may be praised for its eloquence and rapidity; and with its judgments, in general, on the authors and works reviewed, the reader, bearing in mind from whence they proceed, will be more than usually gratified. Altogether, we regard the work as well deserving of the honour conferred upon it by the French Academy, and by no means unworthy to take its place by the side of Madame de Staël's 'L'Allemagne.'

The limits of a notice like the present render it impossible to attempt even the most summary review of the many interesting questions discussed in the essay before us. But we may try to indicate some principal features of the contrast between the two literatures; which they never cease to exhibit, even while giving or receiving the strongest impressions from each other. The Spaniards, already possessed of a literature full of promise, were the first to feel, under Boscan and Garcilaso, the impulse which proceeded from the ripper cultivation of letters in Italy; and before France had produced any author superior to Chapelain and Marot, if we except Rabelais alone, their poets had reached the highest point they ever gained, excepting only in their dramatic triumphs, which arrived somewhat later, under Lope, Calderon, Rojas, and their followers. This was in part owing to the higher cultivation and greater internal repose of the country, which fostered the growth of letters and arts during the period between the accession of Ferdinand the Catholic and the death of Philip III.: while France, torn with internal dissensions, remained in a ruder social condition, until the majority of Louis XIV. But the introduction of Italian culture found in Spain what France at no time possessed,—living national poetry, the spontaneous and genial offspring of the soil, strongly coloured by the temperament and past history of the people; which was not confined to one class alone, or reserved, as in France, for the pastime of the higher orders, but had possessed itself of the hearts of all, high and low. While receiving, with welcome, the graces of the Italian muse, the national genius never abandoned its own supremacy; the colour of the race tinges even its closest imitations of foreign models; in the main part of its poetical literature, the borrowed elements are so intertwined with what is original, that the foreign aspect wholly disappears. At no time did the production of what was peculiarly the Spaniard's own,—the romance, the seguidilla, the copla,—give way to the more artificial styles. On the stage, the national genius reigned without a rival; and the most eminent of the cultivated poets paid willing tribute to the spirit of their own land, and while preserving its peculiar character, added to the beauty of its expression.

In France, on the other hand, there was no such abundant spring welling out from the heart of the nation. In the gradual formation of its literature, no truly popular element, like that which colours everything Spanish, can be discovered. It was to be nurtured by social and courtly influences, and supported by conventions of every kind. Accordingly, we find its steps irregular and constrained, until these had gained something like a settled organization; when it assumed at once the artificial character which both the language and the literature have since alike exhibited. The troubadours may be claimed, perhaps, in evidence of a more genial descent;

but between them and the later French poets there is a blank, barely filled by Villon and Marot, which destroys all real succession. The new culture repudiated such ancestors; it arose, indeed, from another race, and was tempered with influences peculiarly its own. It was a prophetic sign of its later character, that the cradle of the modern French muse was rocked by the *précieuses* of the Hôtel de Rambouillet.

Again, the men who professed letters in France and in Spain respectively, during the eras in which each rose the highest, were as different in rank as in disposition and training. The eminent Spanish writers, before Cervantes, especially during the first half of the sixteenth century, and most of those who succeeded him, were otherwise distinguished, by birth, office, or military renown. The profession of literature in Spain was neither humble nor venal, as it was almost universally in France, even during its Augustan era. It is not merely to the greater stateliness of the national character, nor to the pomp of the language alone, that the higher tone of the Castilian poetry is owing—it repeated something of the dignity of feeling which existed, till Spain had forgotten the traditions of its freedom, amongst its noblest and most distinguished sons. And thus it began to decline, as soon as the national character, robbed by political oppression of its nobleness, descended towards the miserable consummation which our days have witnessed. The French author, while the *ancien régime* lasted, was always a pensioner on the higher class, to which he himself but seldom belonged; and as this class, however polished, was not less limited than frivolous and exclusive, the literature wrought for its approbation alone was not open to those healthful influences which breathe upon what is produced in freedom of spirit, and offered to a larger audience. From the time of Marot to the Revolution, there is nothing which seems spontaneous in French, except the vaudevilles. Even the *naïveté* of La Fontaine, exquisite as it is, is but the perfection of concealed art.

Into the comparison between the theatres of the two countries, interesting as the theme may be, we cannot venture here. The Spanish drama affords the most striking instance of that poetical independence in the people, which has already been noticed. There was no lack of writers who tried to copy Seneca and Terence, and fain would have followed the course which the Italians under Trissino had taken, and which the French, under Rotrou and Mairet, were destined to pursue afterwards. But the nation had learned from domestic authors, from Lope de Rueda and Torres Naharro, to delight in a kind of dramatic poetry, which drew to the life their own natures; and would not listen to foreign copies or learned revivals of dead rules. What the victory of the genuine over the artificial produced in this department, the world has seen in Lope de Vega, Calderon, and others scarcely their inferiors. The French drama found itself in fetters almost at its birth; the jingle of its terrible rhymed hexameters rattled in its earliest distinct utterances; it was forced, by academic law, into the mould which was supposed to be Aristotle's; from its dawn to its decay—amidst all its well-deserved triumphs, it has ever been the child of artifice, and the nursling of a privileged class; the very opposite, both in its beauties and in its faults, to the untrained, capricious, exuberant offspring of the native poetry of Spain.

Although, therefore, throughout the sixteenth century, France was a large borrower from the abundance of the Spanish stage, it was the subject, the intrigues of plot, and here and there perhaps a fine tirade of no peculiar character,

which she took; the spirit of the works thus originated became utterly French in composition. In the *Cid* of Corneille, there is not a feature which reminds the spectator of what is peculiar in Guillen de Carto, any more than do the numerous pieces which Hardy and Du Ryer borrowed, before him, repeat the beauties of their Spanish originals. The subjects may be the same; but the character (and to our eyes the charm) is gone. So it continued to be, while the riches of Lope, Calderon, Moreto, Tellez, and others, were pillaged without mercy by French playwrights, down to the days of Piron and Beaumarchais. The originals fared in their hands like the butterfly in the schoolboy's—the bare wings were to be seen, but all their lovely marks and colours were left in dust on the branch from whence it had been ravished.

Political causes, as well as the mere precedence in literary success, to which we have adverted, opened France to Spanish influence for the space of more than half a century. During the regency of Mary of Medici, the Italians,—represented by Marini,—had for a while the control of public taste, such as it then was:—but this influence passed away with the favour of the Maréchal d'Ancre, and was succeeded, on the marriage of Louis XIII. with Ann of Austria, by the prevalence of Spanish fashions, and the admiration of Gongora. Thus from both nations France was destined to appropriate at first the vices, rather than the beauties, they had produced; and this was especially the case with respect to her prose writers. The Amadis de Gaula became the parent of mortal romances by Honoré d'Urfé, followed by Calprenède and De Scudéri. Antonio Perez, somewhat later than the first of these, introduced the conceits which made the reputation of Balzac and Voiture;—the more genial works of Mendoza, Aleman and others, were afterwards reproduced by Scarron; but the higher models of Spanish genius found no imitators. All that were imported, moreover, were treated in a manner which thoroughly expresses the difference between the two nations. What was stately, humorous, or fanciful in the originals became wholly another thing in the hands of the French translators; and here, as in drama, the substance only was retained, its dress was gallicized. At a later period, it was reserved for the solitary triumph of a man of real genius, Le Sage, to improve on his models, and from Spanish materials to compose a masterpiece thoroughly his own; but, with this exception, it may be affirmed that what others borrowed was but changed and impoverished, with little real effect on the true literary progress of France. Nor could it well be otherwise: there was no sympathy between the two nations, even while in the nearest political relations. The spirit which lives in Spanish literature found no acceptance with the French; and of what they borrowed they could only retain the skeleton; its life evaporated in the process. Their culture was destined to draw its support from more appropriate influences; precise, limited, polished and supercilious, it fastened more willingly on shreds taken at random from a dead literature, than on the strange and rich clothing which was filled with the exuberant life of Spain. The age of Louis XIV. will ever remain a miracle of artificial perfection; and the very bounds which confined its progress, and which condemn it to forfeit its influence whenever the expansion of mind demands a wider range, enabled it to fashion its productions, under the courtly rule of Louis, to a degree of completeness, within these limits, which made them for a time the standard of excellence throughout Europe.

The glory of this period in France coincided with the decay of all that had made Spain great. The authority of the supreme literature was

destined to receive a homage far more absolute from the Spaniards than the French had ever paid to the masterpieces which they had borrowed:—and on the accession of Philip V., political as well as mental subservience imposed it on the enfeebled nation, which has never since had life enough to recover itself, in spite of the attempts of a few better spirits, its Huertas and Jovellanos. What hope of revival for poetry, indeed, while the nation itself was gradually sinking, and all but desperate? Yet the original song of the people, we are told, still lives in the villages of *La Mancha*, and in the Andalusian valleys—amongst the peasants, the only class unchanged by the plague which has reduced the nation to what it now is.

Before closing this notice, we must give a short specimen of M. Puiusque's animated style, from a description of early Spanish poetry:—

It owed its supremacy, in part also, to another cause, essentially local:—it was of high birth, and had the nobility of the sword, as well as of pure blood. At the most distant point to which the eye can reach, without being lost in obscurity, we perceive a race of warlike and lettered nobles in the heart of the Peninsula. "Our first laws and all our chronicles," say the Spaniards, "were written in verse, and not by monks—but by knights." After these, what were the Don Juan Manuels, the Lopez de Ayala, the Guzmans, the Alvaros de Luna, Manrique, Villena, Santillana, whom we have seen handing down to their descendants the first glories of the national genius?—They were nobles of the highest class, all of whom had renewed their titles of honour in the Andalusian crusades. After them, and in spite of the rivalry, at times growing into excess, of an era more enlightened than the middle ages, poetry multiplied its branches, without changing its heraldry:—if, now and then, the splendour of descent was wanting to her children, she heaped distinctions upon them:—they are nothing less than generals, prelates, ambassadors, viceroys. Some, to the glories of the battle field, add the celebrity of misfortunes: to others, strange adventures, unequalled prowess, and unusual trials lend a romantic interest. And the mind traces with curiosity the riddle of those unaccountable lives which begin in the tent and terminate in the cell. Grandeur, vicissitude, eccentricity, whatever astonishes, or interests, or charms, meets us at every step along this gallery of pictures, each animated with a different character.

In the course of this essay, although incidentally rather than indirectly treating his theme, the author commits not a few of the showy errors to which the French, in their dashing, generalizing way, are especially prone. A few only of those we had marked shall be subjoined. We have little pleasure in noting faults where so much has pleased us: but we cannot permit the writer to call Francis I. *pure and honest*, or praise "*la pitié éclairée de Louis XIV.*" We must remind him, when he points a passage with the regret of the Spanish warrior that he could not allow *hidalguia* to his Moorish enemies, that, on the contrary, he *did* allow it:—Had he not read, in any *romancero*—of

—trecentos caballeros
Aunque moros, hijos d'algo?

We cannot let pass the assertion that the *Para Todos* of Montalvan is a mere "series of biographies:" it being, in fact, a collection in which every kind of the *Belles Lettres* may be found:—nor will we admit that the Ottoman power "*disappeared, in fewer years than it had taken centuries to rise in*," after the battle of Lepanto. It is also new to us to learn that Cicero's attacks on Catiline and his accusation of Verres were delivered "in the face of a hostile senate":—that Shakespeare, born amidst the glories of Elizabeth's best day, either rose at a time of distress and fear, or "*was entering into life at the beginning of the Thirty Years' War*;" or—but we will find no more fault with details, in a work which is recommended in the main

by many excellent qualities, and a subject in the highest degree interesting.

Sketches on the Shores of the Caspian, Descriptive and Pictorial. By W. R. Holmes. Bentley.

THE title of this volume is not very applicable to the contents. They have not much relation to the "shores of the Caspian," but they have some to the towns and villages on the southern coast of the Caspian, both north and south of the Elbors chain of mountains. In reality, the book might be called a circuitous tour round that chain, from Tabrees, through Ghilan and Mezenderan, to Astrabad, and from that city, by the south of the chain through Tehran, back to Tabrees. It is a route, we need scarcely say, little traversed by Europeans; and, indeed, in its present state it has little to interest them. It is monotonous; and the bad roads, wretched huts, general tameness of landscape, and uniformly dull forms of society which it displays, can have little attraction for English readers. The same may indeed be said of all Persia, except in the few places where the ruins of a distant, often an unfathomable antiquity recal our minds to the past. The country is interesting only from its historical associations. With them every writer on Persia should be familiar; he should know the history of every celebrated locality, whether it preserve or not any visible memento of the past; and be ready at every point to communicate instruction, where the nature of his subject does not admit of amusement. But this preparatory knowledge, the labour of years, is wanting in Mr. Holmes. When he does approach scenes (this, however, is very seldom) consecrated by ancient recollections, he is unconscious of his position; he sees not the spirits which flit around him—spirits of other times and of other dynasties, which are full of significance; nor does he hear the voice which each tread of his foot evokes from beneath. Little does he dream of local emotion. Thermopylae or Iona would not be half so attractive to him as the covert for the hare or the pheasant. But there is some excuse for this: he is yet "a very young author," and this is "his first attempt:" and, after all, his book has some scenes of interest—as many, certainly, as are to be found in the average of similar works.

One of the characteristics of Persian society is met by the traveller every day of his progress. As there are no inns, or houses of entertainment of any kind, room can be made for him only by the forcible expulsion of the rightful inmates. In general, a messenger and provider, called a gholam or mehmandar, is sent forward to have lodgings in readiness; and when he fixes on a house, out the inmates must go: if they refuse, or even demur, they are speedily expelled with kicks and cuffs, amidst a storm of abuse. The author, we are sorry to perceive, finds excuses for this summary way of proceeding:—"This, to a person unacquainted with the East, might seem rather too arbitrary a measure; but it is indispensable as the sole means of procuring a lodging." In addition, we are told that "civility and compliance (i.e. towards the natives) are in this country taken as implying a sense of weakness and infirmity; nothing can be done without bluster, and the more overbearing one appears, the greater degree of importance is inferred, and consequently the greater attention and respect are shown." When a few more years have rolled over Mr. Holmes's head, and he has learned to feel for others, he will not, we hope, either thus write, or thus think. He may rely upon it, that gentlemanly behaviour is not lost anywhere, not even in Persia; that in any part of the

world it will obtain accommodations quite as soon as these cuffs and blustering. This unceremonious mode of helping themselves to lodgings, brought our traveller and his party (among whom was our Consul at Tehran) on one occasion into a scrape. They entered the house of the chief person in the village; the lady (her husband was not at home) refused to be ejected; weapons were drawn; and the result might have been fatal, but for one of the natives in the service of the party, who quickly saw that there had been some mistake, and who succeeded in restoring peace.

Here is another characteristic trait, which presented itself at Kuzi-Kapan:—

"While we were at breakfast, a fine healthy-looking boy, about ten years old, brought us by a petition for a holiday, written, as he informed us, by the schoolmaster himself. This appeared curious, but the sequel was more so. The boys had asked the Moolah for a holiday. 'That's all very well,' said he, 'but you must pay for it.' The boys had got no money, and their countenances fell. The old gentleman, however, immediately relieved them from their embarrassment, by writing the petition, and suggesting, that when presented to the Sahib Inglesse, the purchase money might also be solicited. About a shilling was given to the child, and he went away delighted."

At Ahaz, the capital of Karadaugh, we read of the human corpse being sometimes arrested for debt. That of Seyeed Khan, who died of the cholera in 1842, escaped, because it was buried by night, unknown to the creditors. The custom, as it formerly existed in England, was doubtless of Pagan origin; for Christianity has no penalties to be undergone by the unburied—no Styx, on the banks of which the unhonoured soul is doomed to wander. Nor is this custom the only point of resemblance between the West and the East. Without knowing anything of Roland, or of the famous sword *durandal*, by which that mythologic hero opened so vast a chasm in the rocky Pyrenees, our author alludes to a similar defile in Mount Elbors, as made by the sword of Ali, the son-in-law of Mohamet, whose memory is scarcely less famous among the Persians than that of Solomon, Jemsheed, or Iskander:—in one respect, indeed, it is more so, as he is the founder of the sect to which the people belong, and endowed in common opinion with miraculous virtues of the highest order. Again, near the village of Chehardah (the word signifies "the four villages")—

"There is here a spring, into which if anything unclean be thrown, a few hours afterwards, or at farthest during the same day, the sky is said to become overcast, and a violent tempest of hail, rain, and wind to arise, which does not cease till the water has been cleared from the impurity. The prodigy had been personally witnessed by most of those who spoke of it. Suleiman Khan, at Astrabad, was perfectly convinced of its truth; and his head servant stated that one day when he happened to be there, his horse accidentally polluted the fountain, and a storm arose, such as he had never before experienced, and it was with the greatest difficulty he was able to reach a neighbouring village. Notwithstanding all we have heard so positively asserted, we felt sceptical, and determined to test the miracle ourselves. The spring was situated about seven miles from Chehardah, in a wild and desolate-looking spot, well chosen for the residence of the Spirit of the Storm; the volcanic rocks in the immediate vicinity were broken up into a thousand fantastic forms, and high on every side rose dreary, black-looking mountains utterly destitute of the least vegetation. The spring is called Ghendaub (foul water), and issues from a deep cut in the side of a small hillock; the water is of a dirty-yellowish hue, and intensely salt and bitter. To make the trial more fairly, we insisted on our guide casting into the water something unclean; for a long time he could not be prevailed on, and earnestly entreated that no one would make so profane an attempt, protesting that we should bitterly repent our curiosity, and that, moreover, a storm, just then

would do great damage to the country. We, however, were inexorable; and having at last reluctantly thrown in some dung, he turned sorrowfully away, mounted his horse and said not another word, evidently alarmed and astonished at our headstrong determination to satisfy our curiosity in spite of what he believed to be the certain and awful consequences. The day was beautiful, not a cloud was to be seen, and the weather could not have been more favourable for testing the miracle, which in this instance did not occur. Close to the spot is a small hut, then unoccupied, but where a guard generally resides to prevent people from defiling the water, or to clear it from any accidental pollution. It is difficult to account for such a strong and general belief, but it is not improbable that the occurrence of sudden storms among these mountains has given rise to the superstition."

Little does Mr. Holmes suspect that he has here stumbled over one of the most beautiful legends of Celtic Europe. Many, perhaps, of our readers will remember the bowl and fountain, with the miraculous storm which follows the drawing of the water, in one of Ritson's 'Metrical Romances'; but it is not so generally known, that at this day there is also a fountain in Brittany endowed with the same miraculous property. The legend, too, is still to be found in the extant literature of Wales.—In respect to the following legend, accounting for the origin of Ardebeel, we are not quite certain that in substance it is also to be found in the West; but our memory brings before us a confused representation of something very like it amongst the traditions of either the Highlands or Wales:—

"A tradition exists that this part of the country was formerly a lake, and that Solomon commanded two deaves or genii, named Ard and Beel, to turn off the water into the Caspian, which they effected by cutting a passage through the mountains; and a city, erected in the newly formed plain, was named after them Ard-u-beel."

In the volume before us are seen other illustrations of the legendary lore which binds the East to the West—all, of course, unknown to our author. Thus at Rood-i-sir, or at least very near it,—

"During the course of our stroll we came upon a green, where were some curiously carved stones and brickwork rising above the turf, apparently the tops of arches. We were informed by our guide that a spell-bound treasure was concealed in these vaults until last year, when an Indian Dervish arrived, who, having performed some incantations and broken the charm, entered the place, and found several pans full of gold coins, which he carried off. The hole by which he made his entrance was pointed out, but it was too much choked with rubbish to admit of our doing the same. There is much treasure buried in Persia, as the custom prevails so universally among the wealthy; but a superstitious dread prevents people from searching for it, as they affirm that a finder of hidden gold is never prosperous."

Hence the numerous legends in the Scandinavian and Celtic literature of treasures hidden for ages in the earth; sometimes defended by dragons, sometimes discoverable by science, and still oftener subject to fairy control, and venturable according to the caprice of those mythologic beings. At this day the peasantry of Touraine believe that the instituted guardians of these treasures are often black dogs, which do sometimes guide fortunate mortals to the place where they are hidden. But to reach the locality is not enough. Success is not to be expected unless there has been a previous fast of several days; and even then, when digging in silence and solitude, beware of touching the gold when it is turned up by the spade. It belongs to the devil, and there is an understood compact, that whoever or whatever first touches it becomes the devil's prey within twelve months and a day. Hence the older and wiser of the natives recommend you, in all such cases, to take with you an old horse of no value, and make it the

victim. The same peasantry believe that the vaults of a hunting-house, built by Charles VII. in a valley of the forest of Loches, contain a very large treasure defended by a dragon, and that it may be seen by anybody who will venture alone at midnight into these subterranean recesses.

Speaking of the village, or rather station of Auhoowan, Mr. Holmes says:—

"The following tradition is told regarding the name of the place. The Imaum Reza happening one day to pass this way, met a hunter who had just caught an ahuoo, or wild sheep. The animal recognized the Imaum, which the huntsman did not; and, with tears in its eyes, intreated him to intercede, that he might be allowed to return to the desert for a young one she had left there. The Imaum spoke to the huntsman, who does not appear to have been at all astonished to hear the sheep speak; and who refused at first to let her go, as he shrewdly supposed that she would not return. However, on the saint offering himself as surety for her, he consented. In a short time the ahuoo returned with her young one; seeing which, the hunter fell at the feet of the Imaum, acknowledging the saint, and entreating pardon for having at first refused his request: since then the place has been called Auhoowan."

Even in the heart of France, our author might have heard of speaking sheep among the peasantry, with as little doubt of such portents having really happened. Once a year, at least, sometimes once a week, according to ancient tradition, certain persons are changed into sheep for twenty-four hours, just as others are changed into wolves: hence the *loup garou*, so famous in the legendary lore of France, and we may add, of northern Europe. The good and simple Olaus Magnus has no doubt whatever of the reality and frequency of such transformations; and, at this day, amidst the forests of Esthonia, the belief in them is firm; more so, as may be readily supposed, than in any part of France. Yet even in France the Roman-Catholic clergy of some districts assure us that they find it impossible to extirpate the superstition. According to them, such transformations have been, in popular estimation, repeatedly verified even in our own day. Thus, not many years ago, a young farmer, belonging to the commune of Legueil, on the banks of the Loire, perceived by the light of the moon, in his garden, a lamb slowly advance towards him; but the moment he attempted to catch it, it burst into loud laughter, bounded over a high wall, and ran into the neighbouring forest. On another occasion, as a man was travelling late one night towards St. Quentin, he saw in the road a sheep, which he was quite sure had lost itself. Taking it up, he threw it over his shoulders, and trudged homewards with it. Scarcely had he reached his own door, than, to his amazement, it asked him where he was about to take it. In a terrible fright he dropped his load, which, assuming a woman's form, laughed him to scorn, and ran swiftly away.

The existence of legends, identical in character, on the skirts of Mount Elbors, and on the banks of the Loire, affords us no slight matter for reflection. At present, owing to the want of research, so characteristic of the age, inquiries of this nature are yet in their infancy; but the day will come when their successful prosecution will throw light on the origin and movements of nations. Assuredly they contain within themselves the germ of more knowledge than the best scholars suspect. Traditions are no less characteristic of races than philology itself; and they will yet be made to bear on the subject which they are so well fitted to illustrate. To collect them, by frequent and familiar intercourse with the rustic natives, should be one of the traveller's first objects. But, alas! what does he collect worth carrying

away? Hurrying with railway speed over the country which he pretends to describe; ignorant of the colloquial language of the people; unacquainted with their history, their origin, their literature, or the relations which they bear to other nations and tribes, he accumulates a mass of dull, common-place, uninteresting notes, which instead of weaving into the narrative form he would do well to burn. Such is the character of our modern books, with now and then an exception.

At Semnoon we are favoured with a legend which, so far as we know, has no parallel in European traditional lore. The place was built, we are told, by Sin and Lam (Shem and Ham) two sons of Noah, in the immediate vicinity of a city inhabited by the Guebres, or worshippers of fire:—

"When Semnoon was built, the water with which it was supplied flowed from the city of the Guebres, who, one day turned the stream and cut off the supplies. Sin and Lam seeing their town about to perish for want of water, repaired to Dzédjin, and entreated the chiefs of that place to allow the stream to return to its old channel: this they at first refused, but finally made an agreement, that on the payment of a sum equal to a thousand tomanas, the water should be allowed to flow into the city as long as life remained in the head of a fly, which was to be cut off and thrown into a basin of water. This was done; but to the utter astonishment of the Guebres, the head retained life during thirteen days; which so exasperated them against Sin and Lam, whom they now perceived to be men of God, that they sent an armed party to Semnoon to make them prisoners. Meanwhile the sons of Noah had received intelligence of their designs, and fled. The first village they halted at was called Shah-deerron, where having rested awhile, they continued their flight, strictly enjoining the inhabitants not to tell their pursuers the direction which they had taken. Shortly afterwards the Guebres arrived, and inquired where they had gone. The villagers did not mention the direction in words, but treacherously indicated it by turning their heads over their right shoulders, in which position they became immovably fixed; and since then all their descendants have been born with a twist in the neck, towards the right shoulder. The fugitives next arrived at a place called Giorvenon, on quitting which they left the same injunctions as before. On the arrival of the pursuers, however, the people pointed out the direction of their flight by stretching their chins straightforward. An awful peal of thunder marked the divine displeasure, and the inhabitants of Giorvenon found themselves unable to bring their heads back to their proper position; and the curse likewise descended to their posterity, who have since been remarkable for long and projecting chins. After a long chase the Guebres overtook the prophets at the foot of a steep hill, up which they galloped into a small plain, where, to the astonishment and disappointment of their pursuers, the earth opened and closed over them. It was now evening, and the Guebres placing a small heap of stones over the spot where the sons of Noah had disappeared, retired for the night. Early the next morning, the Guebres repaired thither with the intention of digging out the prophets; but to their confusion they found the whole plain covered with similar heaps of stones, so that all their endeavours to find the original pile were completely baffled, and they returned to Dzédjin disappointed. There is now a small mosque, said to cover the exact spot where Sin and Lam sank into the ground, which is called Seracheh, to which people resort to pray, and make vows; and close by, in an almost perpendicular rock, where, I was informed, are to be seen the marks of the feet of the horses ridden by the Guebres."

Such legends, our author informs us, are told of nearly every old place: "they are religiously believed by the greater part of the peasantry, and hardly doubted by the better informed."

Of these Guebres, who may be safely reckoned amongst the most ancient religionists in the world, and who were mercilessly pursued with fire and sword by the Mohammedans, Mr.

Holmes discovers no vestiges,—unless, indeed, some mounds which he saw in Mezenderan and Adherbijan, belonged to that singular people. But of this there is great doubt. It may be true, that "a Guebre village was built of mud houses, ranged in a circle round the sides of a high mound, on the summit of which stood a temple;" but it is equally certain that not all villages, and scarcely any of the fortified towns, were thus built. Most of the atash-gah, or fire-temples, were erected on natural elevations; but in the level districts of Persia artificial mounds were probably adopted, and "in process of time, both houses and temple having crumbled to their original dust, nothing was left but a mound of earth." On the other hand, in several Persian villages the inhabitants carry their ashes to a common heap, which assumes a circular form; and when the village itself (as is often the case) is deserted and left to desolation, the mounds thus formed become gradually covered with grass. It is no less certain, too, that some of these mounds are tumuli, raised over the bones of the ancient kings and military chiefs. The government of Astrabad, in which such remains are still to be found, was at one time a portion of the ancient kingdom of Hyrcania, at another, of the Parthian; and under such tumuli, warlike monarchs of those regions no doubt slumber. Some of them are supposed to contain riches. In one, which was opened by Mohammed Nessim Khan, late governor of Astrabad, are said to have been found rings, plates, knives, gold and copper cups, together with bones of unusual size. Most of the curiosities were sent to the late Shah; yet a ring had been reserved, which was to be shown to Mr. Holmes, but which Mr. Holmes had no curiosity to see: "it was forgotten."

From the isolated position of the Persians amongst the nations of the earth, we cannot be much surprised at their ignorance of modern improvements. The attendants on Mr. Holmes and his party were admitted on board a Russian steamboat belonging to the Caspian; and their amazement at the motion of the vessel, without sails, against the wind, was inexpressible. They concluded, at length, that it was hot water that moved it. "Wonderful! wonderful! hot water! Allah! there is but one God!" At Borfroosh, Abbas Khan asked the party if England had not ships which constantly sailed under water. The people generally are great eaters: four pounds each of bread, and as many of butcher's meat per diem, would be considered no undue allowance. The richer sort drink wine without scruple, but drunkenness appears to be little known. Even the lowest are said to be polite to each other, and especially to strangers; but they are so fond of noise and hubbub on the most ordinary occasions, that a traveller need sometimes stop his ears:—

"In Persia nothing is done quietly: I remember at Enzelee once hearing a noise in the street, which I thought could be nothing less than a fight between twenty or thirty people, or a popular commotion in its height; when, hastening to the spot, I found it simply proceeded from half a dozen ragamuffins, moving the trunk of a tree towards the wharf! In the present instance everybody was hallowing to everybody else, and nobody listening to any one. Here a muleteer let one of the packages fall into the water, whereupon one of our servants commenced a vigorous application of the whip, accompanied by a torrent of abuse:—there might be seen four grooms at one horse, endeavouring to saddle it in an impossible space of time, all interfering with each other, and raising a deafening clamour. In one corner I perceived a servant indefinitely punching the head of an unfortunate bystander, for what precise reason I could not ascertain, unless to keep his hands employed amid the general activity."

Their superstition, as may be inferred from

the extracts we have already given, is boundless; when they kill a fowl, or a sheep, they turn the head towards Mecca, that the animal's soul may rise to paradise. Whether they have the solid virtues of the Turk may be doubted. Those of Astrabad were described by their governor as "beasts, rascals, and everything bad." One of them, it appears, had enticed an aged uncle into the desert, and sold him to a Turcoman; but seller and buyer were seized, and brought before the Khan. To give the Europeans a high notion of his justice, he declared his resolution to boil the former in a cauldron the very day after, make the Turcoman breakfast on one of the legs, and then put him to death. As the rigid justiciary said this, he drank his wine, smacked his lips, and looked wondrous sage, while a native friend and chief encouraged him by loud expressions of approbation,—"Belli, belli! inshallah! inshallah!" (Yes, yes! please God! please God!) That any objection should be made to so righteous a judgment, was wholly incomprehensible to the Khan; but being reminded of mercy, he exclaimed, "Right! mercy is very good; but you little know what a set of villains I have to manage! Were I not to make an example of these fellows, by your fortunate beards! in less than a week, there would not be an uncle left in all Astrabad!" Human life in such a country is of small value; and arbitrary executions are too common to excite surprise. Here is a characteristic proof, in the son of this very Khan:—

"Just before sunset, while taking a constitutional turn in the garden, we heard the loud report of a cannon in the adjoining yard; but as it was the season of the Moharrem, and guns were being continually discharged in different parts of the town, we took no notice of the circumstance, and continued our walk. A few minutes afterwards, Suleiman Khan with his two sons and some attendants entered the garden. He came towards us half laughing and half pretending to be angry, though evidently delighted, and exclaiming 'Look here! What shall I do? This Jansiz Khan,' (pointing to his eldest son, a lad of about seventeen years of age,) 'this Jansiz Khan has been blowing away a Toorcoman from a gun, without consulting me, or in any way having my permission. What shall I do? Vai! Vai! There were smiles on all the surrounding faces, and the Khan himself could, with difficulty, refrain from laughing; we therefore, supposed that a joke was meant to be practised upon us, and began to laugh likewise. Their repeated assurances of the fact, however, soon made us understand that there was small matter for joking, but that a human being had been massacred by a boy, without warrant or authority. 'By Allah! By your heads, it is so!' said the Khan; 'go and see.' We went, and there lay the remains of the unfortunate wretch, a bloody and sickening spectacle."

The victim, indeed, was a malefactor, quite deserving of death; but this fact does not alter the character of the tragedy.

At Tehran, our author saw Dr. Wolff, then en route to Bokhara, whom he accompanied several miles from the capital. "He was habited in full canonicals, with an amazingly old battered white hat, and bestrode a mule, which, from his extreme timidity when mounted, he insisted on being led." His extreme simplicity, and utter ignorance of the world, are said to have been his best recommendations on his journey. "The wild people have never seen his like before, so wrapped up in his own thoughts and speculations, and so totally regardless of self. Should he be asked for money, he would give it with a smile, and would almost express his gratitude." Even the wild Turcomans revered him as a holy moolah. At Tehran, and in Persia generally, he was universally well received; but in districts remote from the metropolis, he probably owed this advantage as much to the two gholams by whom he

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was accompanied as to the reputed sanctity of his character.

Mr. Holmes is not pleased with the appearance of the reigning Shah. "He looked excessively ill-tempered, without the slightest dignity in his manner, and altogether a very ordinary personage." But the prime minister is an oddity. By some he is thought mad; and probably this opinion may have rendered him more venerable in their eyes; but he must have great tact, and ability too, or he would not have been able to retain his post during ten years.

"The Hadgee received us very politely, and commenced a most extraordinary conversation, sometimes on one topic and sometimes on another: in the same breath asking questions, and answering them himself: and, before we had been there five minutes, he gave us clearly to understand, that, in his own estimation, the world had seldom seen a man equal to Hadgee Meerza Aghasse. 'Who was Bonaparte?' he exclaimed; 'he could have made him walk round his little finger. And Aftatoon (Plato) and Aristotle—whose dogs were they? They might have been wise—it was likely they were; but he was not altogether an ass!' ('Asterfarallah!—God forbid!' muttered his companion.) And then showing his cap on one side of his head, with an air of immense satisfaction, he dashed off to quite another subject, and, without a moment's pause, inquired, 'What kind of fortress are the Russians building at Ashourada?'"

The companion here alluded to is Meerza Abol Hassan Khan, formerly ambassador to England, and now minister for foreign affairs. He is described as "a fat, jolly old fellow, always laughing," and as still speaking a little of his broken English. He would like, he said, to visit England again, if he were not too old.

The Persian women are, of course, very much subject to their lords, though less so than those of Turkey. But here, as everywhere else, birth and rank have their influence. Some of the women with such distinctions show their freaks whimsically on their marriage. Thus in regard to a princess who had married Meer Caussim Khan, governor of Karadaugh:—

"We subsequently heard several stories of this lady; and, among others, that on her marriage she treated her husband with great hauteur, and kept him at a respectful distance for eight days. The first evening she sent for him, and, making him stand near the door, the following conversation ensued: 'You are welcome, Meer Caussim Khan; how is your health, is your brain fat?' 'By the condescension of the Shahzadeh it is fat; how is her health?' 'Good, thank God! you are dismissed.' The second and third evenings were repetitions of the first; on the fourth she requested him to come a little nearer, that she might see what manner of man he was, and, having expressed some slight satisfaction, again dismissed him. The next two days she treated him with still more condescension, and then their wedded life fairly commenced."

But we must conclude. Little as we may esteem the talents, natural or acquired, of the author, we have perused his volume with some interest; and we have been the means, we hope, of imparting a degree of it to the reader.

The Foster-Brother: a Tale of the War of Chiozza. Edited by Leigh Hunt. 3 vols. Newby.

It is impossible to treat this work with other than sentiments of respect. No hurried task to catch the too-willing reader, or to forestall the season,—it bears the marks of elaborated thought, and of being the best that the author at the time could do. Such, indeed, has been the care exercised, that, though a first attempt in extended fiction, there are none of those errors or excesses of style, structure, or incident in its conduct which are usual with novitate pens. But the fact is, that the volumes before us are the product of no unpractised

hand. The writer is one who has been bred up and long exercised in a severe school of criticism, and who brings, therefore, to his labour a well-disciplined mind, that proceeds consciously every step it takes, and who constantly and habitually puts his genius under the restraint of his judgment. For our parts, we could desiderate more *abandon* in the general tenor of the work,—less watchfulness and more daring; more freedom in the style, even though less accuracy in the structure. It would have been better, perhaps, for the author had he commenced earlier, before his native energy had been controlled by over-much experience; he might then have received credit for genius, where now he can only claim it for taste. An introduction by the author's father, as our readers may perceive by the title, precedes the work, and speaks of it in a style of modesty and regard equally honourable to parent and son.

The story is Venetian,—a circumstance which of itself imposes restraint on the emphasis of passion, and requires that much more should be implied than expressed. Venetian life and character were, above all, artificial,—Nature could not speak without being antagonized by convention, such was the rigour of that peculiar commonwealth. The notion of this special life, at all but its point of culmination, is here embodied in the character of the senator, Marco Morosini, who is kidnapped at the commencement of the tale by the agents of Francesco da Carrara, lord of Padua, for the purpose of inducing him to consent to the removal of the present Doge in favour of himself, that so Genoa and Venice may be reunited in bonds of friendship. Honourable feelings prevent Morosini, though eager for the dignity, from accepting the office from such hands. Moreover, he has accustomed himself not to decide on any course of action without first consulting his foster-brother, Alessandro Padova. Now, this same foster-brother, unknown to him, is in the plot, but can do no more than suffer the strange incident to take its natural effect on the senator's mind, and watch for occasion to improve the suggestion. The absence of Morosini from his palace has not been marked; for, notwithstanding the high sense of honour which he has just displayed, his advanced years, and his character as a parent, he is somewhat of a libertine. This mixture of good and evil serves as a reason for his equivocal conduct throughout the story. Notwithstanding some care and elaboration, however, the result is unsatisfactory; there is a waviness in the outline and an indistinctness in the drawing which "puzzles the will," and gives us the impression, with all his inconsistencies and incoherencies, of his being used as a stalking-horse to help the romancer over certain difficulties else insuperable—a piece of technical machinery in novel and play writing, of which the old stager is fain to avail himself, and which we desire to see as little of as possible in a new candidate. We should have thought that a young fresh imagination coming to such a subject would have grasped the character, here evidently designed, though not sufficiently embodied, with strong apprehension, and treated it with a breadth and force from which Mr. Thornton Hunt has shrunk; that it would have proudly expended thereon its intellectual strength and wealth in the passionate and glowing filling-up of this lofty but morbid mind, which was made what it had become by the institutions under which it had grown to maturity. What is now given is but an indication—a skeleton, or worse,—an uncertain shadow that serves well enough to darken and to agitate, but to which the reader has to bring the philosophy that shall reconcile its incoherencies.

The next portraits that claim attention are those of Morosini's children, Sebastian and Angiolina, and these again have their pendants in Teresa, the daughter of Jacopo Arduino, and Edward, the Englishman. The first becomes the beloved of Sebastian, and the latter of Angiolina. But the libertine father has been attracted by the charms of Teresa, and, disguised from him, is confronted by his son, in the act of assaulting her in the street. It is upon this occasion that Sebastian gains her acquaintance, her gratitude, and, finally, her love. He is thus, however, brought into unnatural collision with his father. It is well, perhaps, for the story, that incidents like these should be chastened in the delineation—that little more than bare form should be granted them, and that they should be presented rather in statuesque sternness than in the fervour and emotion of picture language. But we must pass on with the tale.

Sebastian, having rescued Teresa from her unknown pursuer, is wending homeward, when he is attracted by a street tumult, caused by an old crone, named La Gobba, accused by the crowd of having been hostess to certain conspirators, in the pay of Carrara, to poison the wells of Venice, and whom Edward, the Englishman, is exerting himself to defend from their fury. Sebastian aids his efforts, and ultimately the hag is taken before "the Ten" to undergo legal question. We here learn that Edward is now in correspondence with William Cooke, another Englishman in the service of Venice, and who admonishes him of certain attempts about to be made by the Genoese. This information is immediately given to the Doge, Andrea Contarini, whose portrait is one of the best drawn in the book. Dignity, prudence, goodness and condescension, are all gracefully blended in it, and though holding a negative place, it forms one of the ablest points in the composition. But the central portrait of all, and that on which the skill of the artist has been prodigally expended, is Carlo Zeno; next to him is Ranieri, Teresa's brother. Urged by his foster-brother, Morosini claims from the senate the right to have "charge of the defences" against the Genoese, and takes Sebastian with him on the expedition, in order to keep him out of the way of Teresa. Here the youth meets with his uncle, Luige il Grasso—so surnamed from his corpulence,—whose good humour throws some gleams of light over the darker pages of the work, and who had been prudently sent after Morosini by the senate to be his lieutenant in name, and master in deed. By him, Sebastian is sent back to Venice, to inform the senate of the approach of Genoese galleys, and to assist in the preparations to be made for their efficient reception.

It is now that the services of Carlo Zeno are required, or, in his absence, those of Vittor Pisano; but the latter is in prison, because "the weather had lost him some ships in Pola." As the danger, however, increases to Venice, popular commotion rises in his favour; his release is demanded and granted, and his services are restored to the ungrateful city. Meanwhile Edward has been sent for Carlo Zeno, then abroad fighting in the service of Venice, having won for her the alliance of the Greek emperor, and a new possession, the island of Tenedos.

We are now introduced to Carlo Zeno, the Achilles of the story, who, by a stratagem ingeniously carried out by Ranieri, the son of Jacopo Arduino, succeeds in regaining possession of Chiozza. This part of the tale is well conducted, and carries us gallantly on to the end of the second volume. The triumph on the part of Venice is complete; Zeno is victorious,

but, to the surprise of all, is, in the moment of success, charged with and arrested for a treasonous correspondence with the Carrara. In the palace at Chiozza the fatal letter is found. Upon a subsequent inquiry by the senate, it turns out to be only an acknowledgment by Zeno of the payment of a sum of money which he had lent to Carrara, in former days; whereupon the Venetian senate acquit him of the charge, but the Council of Ten, nevertheless, fine him for his indiscretion.

Too high praise cannot be bestowed on the manner in which these historical details are delineated; we confess that with the romantic portion we are not equally pleased.

To proceed:—Morosini is convicted before the senate, both of misprision of his foster-brother's treason, and the licentiousness of his own private life. Overcome with shame, he returns home, affects repentance, appeals to his daughter's sympathies, and induces her to enter with him a convent. Teresa is at this time concealed, and the place of her concealment can only be learned from the infamous Nadale. The ruffian had been thrown into a dungeon, and, in a spirit of revenge, rejoiced in the reflection that, during his compelled absence the poor lady was starving. He is evidently, too, in a dying state; no delay therefore can be permitted. To win the secret from him, Ranieri's peculiar talent is put into requisition; and we cannot do better than to quote the scene as a favourable specimen of the kind of power and tact manifested generally in the work:—

"Long time it seemed to those that watched; while the sick man often turned sharply round, as though suddenly stung with what he lay upon. He groined and muttered in his sleep, and then threw his arms apart, and sighed as though he were weary of the night. He raised himself up in the bed, and looked around, fixing his eyes on a jug that stood near him. Ranieri knew his wish, and starting up with noiseless alacrity, brought the water to the bed. Nadale looked into the jug, and then at Ranieri, with a malignant and suspicious glance. 'None but a fool,' he muttered, 'would poison a dead man. It would be wasting the drug.' He took a draught, and lying down again closed his eyes. Not long after he rose again; and again Ranieri tended him. 'The water has got warm,' said Nadale; 'may be, with standing near this fire that is in me.' 'You shall have some colder,' answered the youth; and leaving the room he brought fresh water. The man drank again. 'Aye, that is cold now. When you are hot, you learn to think this coldness sweeter than the best wine; and this is no summer heat.' He lay down; the draught seemed to have composed him, for he moved about less. Some real sleep seized him. Edward approached the bed to see how matters went on, and to learn Ranieri's intent; but the youth still motioned him to be silent, and to draw back. Resting his elbow upon the bed, Ranieri whispered in a soft voice, just above the man's ear, 'Nadale, would you escape?' Nadale opened his eyes, and fixed them upon the other. Then, with his little laugh, he whispered one distinct 'No,' and closed his eyes again. Ranieri held up his hand lest Edward should move, and then he said again, 'Nadale, would you escape?' The sick man started up. 'No,' he cried angrily; 'get you gone. What is it you pester me for? Do you think that I am losing my wits, to be fooled by a boy, when Carlo Zeno, and Sebastiano Morosini, so strong as he is, have been driven with defeat from my bed? Hold your tongue, boy, and give me the water.' Ranieri reached him what he wanted, as tenderly as a son serving a father; and the dying man again composed himself to sleep. 'Nadale,' repeated Ranieri, 'would you escape?' He did not move. He lay still, as if he chose not to hear. 'Nadale, would you escape?' was uttered again, and yet again. The man really slept; he dreamed, and talked in his dream, and counted the ducats that Alessandro had paid him. 'Two for killing Rosa, and two for taking the news to Alessandro. No more of that business,' cried he, laughing; 'Messer Alessandro has gone before me.'

He rose up in his bed; his face was now redder; his eyes wandered, dancing so fast from side to side, that a fantastic mirth seemed to light up his haggard and distorted features. Ranieri again held up his hand, and Edward drew closer into the shade. With a pleasant face, Ranieri busied himself to collect the man's clothes. He handed him his hose, and then his doublet; the sick man ever and anon talking and chuckling; then throwing the things aside, and sitting still, while Ranieri stood by and folded his arms. At length the work of dressing, never so strangely carried on, was fairly finished. Nadale stood upon his legs, and balanced himself. They held him up bravely, and turning to his attendant, he laughed merrily at the jest. Ranieri laughed too, and placed his finger on his lip, to make Nadale understand that he should be quiet, lest they should hear him. 'Aye, aye,' answered the delirious ruffian; 'you can trick me, and I can trick them; so that the trick can go round. Well, every man has his day. Messer Sebastiano Morosini had his; I have had mine; and now your turn is come, young as you are. Do you remember when we fought for a knife, and how that maiden hugged you? Well, I have her fast. And what if you are tricking me out of her, Messer Giovinnott?' He walked feebly towards the door. Ranieri's heart beat so that it might be heard in the stillness, as he supported the staggering man. Nadale stopped: he stood firm and strong upon his legs; he looked his companion full in the face; then, suddenly and spitefully, he bit his thumb at him, and breaking out into a loud laugh, scrambled back to his bed, and threw himself upon it. * * *

Once more Nadale arose. He was more silent now, and he leaned often on his new friend's shoulder, as he adjusted his clothes. 'See you here,' said Ranieri with a whisper, drawing forth his purse, well filled by Zeno's generous bounty, 'this is what my master has left with me; for we will not escape empty handed.' Nadale took the purse, and weighed it with an absent air in his hand. 'Is it gold?' he asked. 'Of the best,' answered Ranieri. 'Two ducats,' muttered Nadale, 'for killing a woman, and two ducats for telling her lover of it. That is not much. But you, stripling, make a better trade; and yet you have no more wit, truly, than to pay a man for escaping!' Starting, he added with a fierce cunning—'And for what else?' He threw the purse upon the ground. Ranieri picked it up, and put it back into his hand. The man took it mechanically; and when Ranieri moved to take it back from him again, he clutched it with a perverse anger. 'Put it in your pocket, good man, or you may chance to lose it; for your hands totter. But I will have half; for it shall not be all yours.' 'Half!—half!—be it so. We can talk about that outside; for you are master here, you know; and he moved towards the door again. He walked steadier now, and Ranieri sought to give him no more help than he needed. He laid his hand upon the lock, but could not turn it well. 'Hush! hush!' cried the youth; 'what a noise you make. Leave it to me, who am at home here.' The door stood open, and the fresh air pouring into the room seemed to revive the feeble prisoner. 'Aye, that is cooler,' he cried; but I must have another drink of water before we go.' It was in his hands almost as soon as asked for. Ranieri set down the jug silently by the door, and they went forth. They crossed the wall. Edward had already set the outer door open, and they issued forth into the cold night. They walked on. Presently Nadale stopped, and said fiercely to his companion, 'Well, now I have escaped; will that suffice you? I am not to be watched home. Do you think, stripling, that I have lost my wits? Stand you back here.' 'Farewell, then,' answered Ranieri; 'but how shall I get half of the gold?' 'Why, you shall fetch it to-morrow.' 'But how, if I know not where you live?' Nadale laughed, and wringing Ranieri's hand, cried, 'Farewell;' and he tottered onwards. Ranieri watched him as he went; letting him get as far in advance as he could keep him in sight, and then he walked forward too. He had not gone a great way before his two friends joined him, creeping close to the houses. But the wandering dreamer cast little regard backwards; and as he went his pace grew faster; so they were fain to draw nearer, lest they should lose sight of him. And so he staggered on; now jostling against the walls of some

narrow calle, now balancing upon the edge of a canal. The luck that waits on drunkards and madmen seemed to keep his footing safe, and still he staggered onward. 'His pace holds out well,' said Edward. 'To my seeming,' answered Ranieri, 'it grows fainter. He could scarcely stand when he was dressing, and I fear that, with that heated running, he will scarcely last out. Look how he stumbles!' And as he spoke the man did stumble, but recovered himself. He stumbled again and again, and then he vanished, flat upon the ground. With quickened pace the friends drew near him. He was motionless. Ranieri turned him upon his back, and placed his hand upon his heart. One moment he held it there, and there was a faint beat. 'There is some life left,' he whispered, 'if we could but rouse it. Sebastian, run back, and fetch me some wine.' 'Wine!' exclaimed Edward; 'it will kill the man.' 'Aye, it will kill him, but the fuel will make the flame flare up at first; and we want but a little more of his life to serve our turn.' Without further question, Sebastian flew to do his bidding. 'Kneel you here behind him,' said Ranieri, 'and let him rest against you, while I stand to speak to him if he rouse.' But the wretch's head dropped back as if in death upon Edward's shoulder, and he spoke not a word while he waited. 'This is frightful,' whispered Ranieri, 'for if he die who shall say where this hidden murderer was wont to lurk; and yet in his den is there all that Venice holds most precious to some of us.' Edward did not answer; he felt the weight heavier, and truly feared that the man was dying. There was a sound of footsteps in the dark, quick and quicker, and Sebastian came to them. 'Have you brought a cup too?' asked Ranieri. 'It is here,' answered Sebastian. 'Well thought of; fill it full.' He held it to the sick man's lips, and instinct still prevailing, the lips sucked up the draught. So deftly did the youth tilt the cup, that not a drop was spilled. The glassy eyes unclosed, the faint gleams of a clouded moon flashing coldly upon them. 'Why, how is this?' said Ranieri, presently; 'You need something stronger than water now.' Again the full cup was held to the fevered lips. 'That is hot and cold too,' said Nadale. 'But it makes you stronger. Can you stand now?' and he helped the man to rise, motioning his two friends to draw back unseen. 'I might have slept there,' said Nadale, laughing, 'if you had let me lie.' 'And yet you would not let me follow you! Will you drink some more of this strength, and you shall pay it me back when we get home?' The man drank again; and Ranieri could tell, from the fierce tottering of his hands, how the fever had grown upon him. After he had gulped down the draught, he panted and coughed for breath. The flame had, indeed, begun to flare; but his legs, if wilder in their movement, were stronger now, and again he staggered onward. He stopped. 'It was not our bargain, giovinnotto mio, that you should go home with me. You know each man has his home, and yours lies behind there.' 'And so it does; but can you stand alone?' 'Aye, bravely.' 'Farewell, then; and if you fall I will be by to help you.' 'Why, then you must follow me,' said Nadale, with a bewildered laugh. 'Why, then I will follow you if you need it; but now I shall leave you.' And he drew back, suffering his companion to stagger onward alone. And so he went, down this street and that lane, till they found they were reaching a poorer quarter of the city. Once or twice the pursuers feared that footsteps would cross the drunken man's path; but they turned aside, and still he went forward, like one that made no doubt of his way. Onward, onward, more and more closely followed, as he grew more regardless and headlong in his course, until his pace abated. He had drawn nigh to his lodging, and now took the more leisurely step of a man who feels he has arrived at home. He stopped, and placing his hand upon a door he looked back, to see whether he was still unwatched, as he hoped. It was too late; the wretch's game of hiding was up; and running forward, closely followed by his friends, Ranieri helped the tottering hand of the dying man to open the door. Nadale turned fiercely to them as they pressed upon him. 'Keep back!' he cried, seizing Edward with desperate violence. Short was the struggle. Clutching the miserable wretch by both arms, Edward forced them to

gether, and shaking the spent rufian, he threw him upon his back into the open house. A short hoarse cry burst from Nadale as he fell,—there was a stifled sound of choking in the dark, and his limbs struggled,—it ceased. The silence was as intense as the blackness of the night within the house."

We need not say that Teresa is rescued, and united to Sebastian. Here the tale might have ended; but the author had formed an ideal of the character of Morosini, and could not feel content until he had put to it the finishing touch. All parties might have been left happy after their kind; but poor Angiolina has found the sacrifice made for her father too great; and, dying, had left him to the bitterness of remorse. But "remorse," as Coleridge in his tragedy says, "is as the heart in which it grows;" and thus it was with Morosini. Taking advantage of a festival, he enters, in monkish habit, his old halls, as Father Eremitano. Evidently delighted with the sadness of Edward's demeanour, he approaches to greet him with his ghostly benediction and pardon. Our countryman, disgusted with such hypocrisy, pushes the old man away with execration. The guests, however, are shocked with his apparent impiety. In the mêlée that ensues, Edward is slain. Of the swords drawn, it was doubtful which had pierced him,—most probably Morosini's own,—concealed underneath his monkish garb. Armed with the authority of the Church, however, the delinquent preserves a calm and erect attitude; with his eyes and hands raised mechanically to Heaven, pronouncing peace both "upon them that strike, and them that are stricken;" and so quits the place. This is, no doubt, a powerful conception; but it leaves on the mind the impression of diseased feeling. There is too much of this too in the general texture of the plot and characters. Nor do the love-scenes come in to relieve the general horror with sufficient effect. The lovers calculate too much,—there is not enough of wilfulness in their conduct,—there is more reason than passion in their motives. They are all estimable persons, but they want the "fine madness" which makes devotion of love, and gives poetry to it even when most lawless. In his next venture we trust that Mr. Hunt will be less solicitous about the proprieties, even at the risk of being less artistic. He has possessed himself of the mould to shape his conceptions,—in future let him throw his freest thoughts and warmest feelings into it, and we shall then have a more pleasing, even though a less elaborate and regular composition.

Rome: its Ecclesiastical and Social Life. With a Preface by the Editor. Newby.

FROM the title of this volume we were led to expect a very interesting work; but the execution by no means corresponds with the announcement. Though written by one who everywhere assumes the appearance of reflection, he has, in reality, no power of thought, no original or even striking views. Nor is it written in an English spirit. What the author's opinions are, religious or political, it would be hard to discover: perhaps he has none at all,—a circumstance indeed which might be inferred from a statement in the Preface, that he belongs "to the new Puseyite German school,—[probably to the king of Prussia's hierarchical corps]—is one of the admirers of the symbolizing Frederic William IV., who is delineated with the resolutions of the Gustav Adolph Verein, a Protestant union in the one hand, and the Cathedral of Cologne in the other—who promises institutions but never gives them—who personally discusses politics with his subjects, and banishes those whom he cannot convince—and is a munificent patron of all those who are mean enough to eat

the bread with thankfulness, and to profess belief in his infallibility." The author then is worthy of his royal master. But still a score of pages or so in the volume before us are readable. Thus in regard to the almost uniform contempt of the laws:—

"We have the very best laws, but they are not observed, say the Romans. It is a common saying, that Rome is a city in which the one half commands, and the other does not obey. This is indeed contrary to the current opinions respecting the holy city, but nevertheless it is so. This is indeed marvellous in the eternal city!—a city, whose chief ruler holds the reins of temporal government, and bears the sceptre of the church, and in addition to these is the depositary of the keys of heaven and of hell—a city which for nearly two thousand years has maintained that her laws are eternal, unchangeable, and not to be improved! A good man in Rome, who was somewhat of a fantastical ecclesiastic, had very often a passion for chanting litanies or performing some other church service, very early in the morning or late in the evening. He would then cause the bells to be rung, invite the people upon the streets, and almost compel them to come in. The whole neighbourhood at length formally complained of these unreasonable disturbances: he was required by the authorities to put an end to this pious annoyance, and yielded obedience. Fourteen days, however, had not expired when new complaints were made of his having broken his promise. 'Have I not commanded you to abstain from these practices?' said his superior to the monk. 'Yes,' replied the latter, 'and I have promised and also obeyed; but a law in Rome only holds good for four days.'"

Again:—

"An example drawn from life presents us with a specimen of Roman legislation and police administration, in an attempt to deprive the fowls of their historical privileges of running about the streets of the eternal city. This practice was forbidden under a penalty, to be inflicted upon the owners. But lo! there was a bold citizen who was desirous of maintaining the winged bipeds in their prescriptive rights; he was a kind of Masaniello, an owner of an ass, and lived not far from Aqua Trevi. He immediately said, that he was engaged to supply eggs to some cardinals, and that it was impossible for him to deliver them either in former quality or quantity, if any limits were set to this hereditary freedom. Nothing was to be said against this most rational objection, and therefore his fowls received a dispensation to run free. And as the exception is said to constitute the law in Rome, every Gallic bird runs free in both the old and the new cities."

The rights of sanctuary, and the universal prevalence of the lottery spirit, also come in for a blow; and justly. So anxious is the papal government that thief or murderer should have a chance of escape, that half-a-dozen places of refuge are supported; and though coffee-houses, shops, &c., are shut during divine service on Sundays, the lottery office is kept open for the sale of tickets. This indulgence is for the benefit of the countrymen, who flock to Rome chiefly on that day, and who may thus go to mass and gamble at the same time. The frequent change of popes is detrimental to the Holy City,—a new pontiff always taking good care not to finish anything which his predecessor had begun, and always commencing new buildings himself, to be left equally unfinished at his own death. It is no less evident that *Roma la Santa* cannot boast of much devotion, except to the fair sex. There are, however, many pretenders to it, and among them might surely be reckoned the Queen-dowager of Spain when she was there a short time ago:—

"On Ash-Wednesday, (1841), three Queen Dowagers were present in the papal chapel of the Vatican—those of Spain, Sardinia, and Naples. The young Queen Dowager of Spain had gained universal commendation by the absence of all pretension in her manners and by her polite cheerfulness during the Carnival. Her conversational gaiety, however, during divine service on Ash-Wednesday, excited the

surprise of no small number of observers; she appeared to be completely forgetful of the day and its objects; how great therefore was the astonishment of all on reading afterwards in the newspapers, that immediately after this conduct she had thrown herself upon her knees before the holy father, with tears in her eyes acknowledged her sins, and expressed her repentance for the injuries which had been inflicted on the Catholic church."

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Horæ Juridicæ, by W. D. Lewis, Esq., of Lincoln's-inn, Barrister-at-Law.—A laboured essay to extol the functions and to elevate the present dignity of lawyers. Be it so. We have no vulgar prejudices against lawyers, and should have no objection to see both the profession and its members occupy as high a position as the author can wish. But we could not avoid smiling when gravely told, that "the theme suggested by the title prefixed to this paper is one which, while it rivets us by the interest of connexion and association, attracts by its grandeur, and commands by its importance. It respects a body, a calling, a society whose functions may well nigh be said to intermingle with every phase of civilized existence, whose concerns are those of mankind in almost every variety of rank, circumstance, and condition, whose history is, in a great measure, that of philosophers, orators, senators, and statesmen"—that they (the lawyers) are pre-eminently the charities of life—the forsaken widow, the helpless child, the defamed daughter, the slandered wife, the unsuccessful parent, the deceived creditor, the oppressed menial, the plundered veteran, the overworked citizen, the persecuted religionist, the outraged altar—these (in part only) form the arena for developing the more exquisite energies of the "jurist." No doubt, when such unfortunate individuals have the means to pay the "pre-eminently" charitable for his services. We wish Mr. Lewis would himself be so far influenced by the "charities of life" as to visit all who are "in durance vile," and do what he can for them; then, indeed, we should esteem him "pre-eminently." Such "pre-eminently" twaddle is obviously enough to leaven a whole volume, and is far too much for a small pamphlet.

Hints on the Nature and Management of Duns, by the Honourable —, a Younger Son.—A little volume, which, with all its grotesqueness, is not without humour, or even interest. It betrays, indeed, no evidence of genius; but then it requires little genius to desire to expose the miseries of "younger sons." It is a satire on the thoughtless and heartless profligacy of what are called "sprigs of nobility;" but the evil is, we fear, too deeply seated to be laughed out of society.

Church Sketches for English Cottagers.—The first of these sketches—"The Coal Club at the Star"—is useful, as showing the dangerous influence of ale-houses over the labouring part of our population. Give them an excuse for calling at them, and they will soon call without one. 'Farmer Smith' will not be relished by dissenters, who are called great sinners because they venture to separate from Mother Church. The whole tenor of the volume, indeed, is High Church. This we say not by way of censure, but in a sense purely descriptive.

Narratives of a Parent, by Mrs. Everest.—The design is to illustrate the Ten Commandments by stories;—there is, perhaps, too much refinement in the moral application; but the intention is good, and the tales for the most part are neatly constructed.

An Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of Storms in the Indian Ocean, south of the Equator, by Alex. Thom, Surgeon, 86th Regiment.—A volume of great importance to all persons engaged in the Indian trade, especially captains of ships. The frequency of storms in the Indian seas—their indications, progress, direction, and gradual disappearance, are said to be far from accidental. The knowledge of such phenomena must, no doubt, be useful to sailors, and interesting to the natural philosopher. Mr. Thom seems to have paid great attention to the subject; and his book should be in the cabin of every ship bound to those eastern seas.

The Lost Senses, by J. Kitto, D.D.—An interesting volume for juvenile reading, and indeed for anybody's reading. Here we have blind travellers, blind

poets, blind musicians, blind divines, blind philosophers, and, in short, blind persons of all professions and of no profession, whose lives and characters cannot fail to strike us with mournful pleasure.

The Mother's First Book, by Mrs. Marcet.—We cannot say much in praise of this 'Spelling Book' and 'Reading made Easy'—for it includes both objects. It plunges nearly all at once into lessons of three syllables, and has, therefore, no progressiveness. Its spelling selections, too, seem to us objectionable on many accounts, which there is no need to explain.

Views of the Voluntary Principle, by E. Miall.—The writer opines that the Government measure for the permanent endowment of Maynooth College will drive many to consider with favour the Voluntary Principle who have hitherto been advocates for a State church. The papers here collected appeared originally in the *Nonconformist*.

Memoir of Syria, &c., by C. F. Barker.—The author of this pamphlet resided seventeen years in Syria and Egypt; was secretary to his father, the British Consul-General of Egypt; and had, therefore, every means of acquiring correct information as to the subjects on which he dwells. It contains a dreadful picture of the oppressions, rapacities, and murders perpetrated by the local governors, on the native inhabitants, and especially on the portion that acknowledges not Mahomet. That they were often so perpetrated unknown to the Sultan, and even in defiance of his authority, is true; but the government that is unable to punish abuses, is practically as bad as the one that directly commits them. The short sway of the Egyptian Pasha, through his son Ibrahim, was more just, more firm, better every way—that is, by comparison; for, in many instances, it was very arbitrary. Again, the country is under the Turks, and the tyranny of the local authorities is at work. A still greater evil results from the natural and inveterate hostility to each other of tribes dissimilar in origin, language and faith. The pamphlet also contains some statistical calculations, and miscellaneous information, which must be useful to all who trade with Syria.

A System of English Grammar; founded on the Philosophy of Language, and the Practice of the best Authors, by C. W. Connon, M.A.—Too brief and too critical for an elementary work, it will not suit little boys; but to students more advanced, who have begun to reason on grammatical construction, it must be useful. There are, however, some things in it rather exceptionable. Thus the verb is defined to be "a word that affirms something of a noun." Surely this will never do. Again, "Pompey as well as Cæsar were great men." There may be authority for such forms of construction, (is there not for every other anomaly?) but English purity will not tolerate them. The only true standard is the general practice of writers.

A Grammar of the Irish Language, published for the Use of the Senior Classes in the College of St. Columba, by John Donovan.—A copious, and, we have no doubt, an excellent grammar, of a very ancient language. When more languages are placed within our grasp, and comprehensive affinities are traced, such books, with accompanying vocabularies, must be of great value in establishing the affinity of nations. Except as philological records, we know not the use of pursuing such languages as the Irish and Welsh. But every one to his taste. We quarrel not with attachments to antiquity. They are always harmless, and frequently the nurse of patriotism, when higher motives are wanting.

First Latin Grammar and Exercises, on Ollendorff's Method, by N. H. Pincock, C. C. Col. Cambridge.—There are some good things in this grammar; but it will never supersede those in use. In its first elements it is not sufficiently explanatory; afterwards it is not sufficiently progressive; and the exercises are much too brief for practical purposes. As a companion to other elementary works, it may have its value.

A New French Grammar, with Exercises, by F. A. Wolski, Master in the High School of Glasgow.—A good book of the kind, except in the etymology, which is not explanatory enough. It is simple, easy, progressive. The exercises at the end render it peculiarly valuable to the young learner. The author follows the old system as to the division of conjugations,—*er, ir, oir, re*; and after all it is the best. To

fatigue the young mind with endless divisions and definitions, as in some editions of Hamel, is sad nonsense.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Bakewell's (Mrs. J.) Conversation Cards on Intellectual and Moral Subjects, 2s. 6d. in case.
 Blencowe's (Rev. E.) Plain Sermons, Addressed to a Country Congregation, 12mo. 7s. 6d. cl.
 Cudworth's Intellectual System of the Universe, translated by John Harrison, 3 vols. 8vo. 2s. 2d. cl.
 Dickson's (Dr. S.) Principles of the Chrono-Thermal System of Medicine, with the Fallacies of the Faculty, 4th edition, with Notes and Introduction, by Dr. Turner, of New York, royal 8vo. 2s. 6d. swd.
 Fontaine's (F.) Harvest Surveyors' Best Assistant, 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.
 Fox and the Genes, new edit. 4 col. plates, square, 1s. 6d. cl.
 Goldsmith's History of England, with Continuation to 1815, by J. Dymock, 12mo. 2s. 6d. roan lettered.
 Hand-Book of Horsemanship, by Hershberger, imp. 32mo. 1s. swd.
 Heidelberg, and the Way Thither, by Nil, f. 8vo. 5s. cl.
 Johnson's Greek Epigrams, new edit. 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.
 Ladies' Hand-Book of Knitting and Netting, Second Series, 6th edit. imp. 32mo. 1s. swd.
 Lee's (J.) Manual for Ship Masters, 12mo. 2s. cl.
 Morgan's Memoirs of Elias, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.
 Moor's Greek Grammar, by Tate, new edit. 12mo. 2s. 6d. bd.
 Naturalists' Library, People's Edition, Vol. II. 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.
 Robertson (Dr.) On the Nature and Treatment of Gout, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.
 Royal Alphabet, new edition, 24 plates, square, plain, 2s. 6d.; col. 4s. cl.
 Scenes from the History of the Christian Church, 12mo. 4s. cl. gilt.
 Selectæ e Veteri Testamento Historiæ, new edit. 12mo. 2s. sheep.
 Smith's (Rev. James) Common Scenes Improved, 3 Parts in 1 vol. 18mo. 1s. 6d. swd.
 Thornton's History of British India, Vol. VI. 8vo. 16s. cl.; 6 vols. 8vo. 4l. 10s. cl.
 Thomson's Seasons and Castle of Indolence, 4 Illustrations, by Harvey, imp. 32mo. (Clarke's Cabinet Series) 1s. 6d. cl.
 Williams (Dr. T.) On Procuring Sleep in Insanity, post 8vo. 4s. cl.

HOBBS AND HIS LEVIATHAN.

In requesting you to insert this letter, I do not think I am asking more than your plan ought to allow you to grant. A literary journal should defend the liberties of literature, and if that part of its function be, as thank God it is, nearly obsolete, it is not the less incumbent upon those whom it concerns to remember that neglect may convert a weak enemy into a strong one.

An attempt has recently been made to prevent a gentleman, who has deserved well of philosophy, from coming into Parliament, because he has edited what are called the infidel writings of one of the most distinguished minds of the seventeenth century. Sir William Molesworth has edited Hobbes: Hobbes was an infidel: no man can publish the writings of an infidel without being himself an avowed propagator of infidelity; and such a man ought not to sit in the House of Commons. This is the reasoning employed: its second and third propositions are false.

Let us first suppose that Hobbes was an infidel, and that his writings are vehicles of his opinions. They are certainly important parts of the history of mental philosophy in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. No one can study Locke's opinions historically, no one can trace the rise of metaphysics in the last century either at home or abroad, unless he is acquainted with the works of Hobbes. In these assertions all scholars agree. These writings have become scarce: are they to be allowed to perish? Is the founder of his science in England, the investigator, whose works called forth the opposing energies of Clarendon, Cudworth, Warburton and a host of others, to sink into oblivion, lest the arguments of the seventeenth century should increase the infidelity of the nineteenth? Ask the hairdressers how much effect a reprint of 'The Unloveliness of Lovelocks' would have upon the length of ladies' ringlets, and the answer would be a tolerable measure of the power which a metaphysical infidel of the last century but one would have upon the popular mind of the present day. It would be better if it were otherwise: all who have any acquaintance with the state of opinion, as it is now, and as it was a century ago, know that those who read works opposed to Christianity are plentifully supplied with the methods of Voltaire, Paine, Volney, &c. Can any one doubt that a follower of the earlier unbelievers is higher in the scale of rational beings, and much more addicted to a reverential view of religion, than one of the school just named?

Again, we know that in the time of Constantine, the Arian books were carefully suppressed. Did that suppression prevent bishops, cities, and even kingdoms from becoming Arian in doctrine? And does any one, of any belief, now doubt that the cause of truth (in every view of it) is a loser by the want of access to the writings on all sides of that question.

If, though Hobbes were what he is said to have been, truth and history are benefited by the preservation of his works, there can hardly be assigned a mode of publication better calculated to keep them within the pale of scholarship than that they should

be published by a wealthy man on his own account, and in an expensive form. No bookseller has an interest in pushing them or advertising them: there they are for the inquirer who wants them, and he must go and look for them.

Now as to the question, whether Hobbes was an infidel? He lived and died in the Church of England, and that he ever professed to be an unbeliever, or desired to be thought one, has never been asserted. His 'Leviathan' contains a long account of his religious opinions. That he was called an infidel by the clergy is certain; but all the passages which have been produced from his writings to prove the assertion are such as those who bring them forward can only use inferentially. When Leslie was elected to his professorship at Edinburgh, he was made an atheist in the same manner. He had approved of Hume's account of the connexion of cause and effect, from which, it was asserted, Hume had drawn atheistical consequences: hence, it was argued, Leslie must have done the same. The Duke of Wellington has pistols: the Cato-street conspirator shot the Bow-street officer with a pistol: therefore the hero of Waterloo means to shoot the police.

But Hobbes, besides holding opinions on the subservency of the Church to the civil magistrate which would have shocked Dr. Pusey, and which did shock the high church clergy of his time, was a Unitarian. To extract this fact from the quasi-Trinitarian appearance of his theology, requires a little acquaintance with the times. That such was his creed is no modern assertion: the title of one of the works published against him in his own day was 'Occasional Animadversions on the Writings of the Socinians and such other Heretics of the same opinion with Mr. Hobbes.' London: 1675. 4to.

It is to be remembered that the amiable practice of lighting a fire under persons accused of heresy was not quite abandoned. Those who denied the Trinity were, by law, still subject to this punishment. The famous "Unitarian Tracts" have neither printer, nor publisher announced, nor any author, except he were dead. The only way in which a Unitarian could show himself, was by denying that belief in the Trinity was necessary to salvation; or, which is the same thing, collecting the asserted essentials of Christianity, without naming the Trinity. This was the plan pursued by Locke, when he published his treatise on 'The Reasonableness of Christianity';—and he was instantly known for a Unitarian, and treated as such in the answers which appeared. Hobbes did precisely the same thing. In his chapter (c. 43) on the essentials of Christianity, *de iis que ad receptionem in regnum celorum sunt necessaria*, (I quote the Latin of 1660, having no other edition by me) he asserts that there is but one article of faith,—namely, that Jesus is the Messiah,—*fidem, quantæ ad salutem necessaria est, contineri in hoc articulo, Jesus est Christus*, (p. 287). This, he says, implies other things; some of which he enumerates in the chapter cited, and others in the explanatory dialogue which appeared for the first time in the edition above named: but in neither case is the doctrine of the divinity of Christ alluded to; and in the same dialogue, he makes his prolocutor reject the first verses of the Athanasian creed.

The reason why Hobbes was called an atheist, is the old one,—namely, that controversialists are more particular about having good strong names wherewith to greet their opponents, than about the etymological propriety, or even consistency, of their missiles; we have heard of a gentleman who said, "The rascal! he is an atheist and a deist." It is still very common for persons to state openly that such a one is an unbeliever, and on being pressed for a reason, the answer is, "I consider a Unitarian as an unbeliever." When it is further asked whether it would not be better to state the inference as an inference, and not as a fact, the reply is, "I don't consider that necessary!" Consideration may be carried too far: but if it exist in our day, how much more must its influence have been in that of Hobbes?

I hope we may consider, from the result of the Southwark election, that the sword which was blunted on the bones of the Megatherium has been broken on the hide of the Leviathan. There are still hands to wield the weapons which come from the same armoury: but they are not strong, and the steel of their blade is little better than rusty iron.

Sept. 15, 1845.

I remain, &c. B. E. N.

The museum very happy for the student quities by it has long that no ap building British Ar popular an gallery in it would b rise, a fore such an ex if not for t general th place mor tion of the Institute w first attem repay a p tate may h A mere our reader Museum. names of t the noble Winchester Society, the ford, the I and Lady Philip de Mr. Hails catalogue British A quities' r ments; '4 6. 'Miscellaneous of attention. Frontal of with a fig aureole, s cloth.' T the gallery interest t Mary Ch Shaw (so trative of a small q use imagin opher Ba Elizabeth to have v The faster very beau Holbein r scription, preserved Museum. exhibited closing a ment was and will r ings and corporatio bushel an and a W sures bot Elizabeth of them. of the fift trinité fill Heathcot curiously ship of the Commo date 166 well, the of the H daughter little mo sties—t Egerton Deans o glass, the jacks, dr interesting

ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

The museum in the gallery at the Deanery was a very happy idea, and much may be accomplished for the study, preservation and discovery of antiquities by an annual exhibition of this description. It has long been a disgrace to our British Museum that no apartment in that extensive and extending building has been set apart for the exhibition of British Antiquities. It would be one of the most popular and instructive rooms in the Museum. The gallery in the Deanery afforded a foretaste of what it would be like, and, in the remarks to which it gave rise, a foretaste of the good which would result from such an exhibition. When a taste for the preservation, if not for the study, of Antiquities, becomes more general than it now is, and our antiquaries begin to place more confidence in the curiosity and admiration of their brother antiquaries, the museum of the Institute will become still more interesting than this first attempt, and sufficient of itself to induce and repay a pilgrimage to the city in which the Institute may hold its meeting.

A mere dry catalogue will do little to represent to our readers the curious contents of the Deanery Museum. Among the exhibitors, we observed the names of the Dean and Corporation of Winchester, the noble Chairman of the Meeting, the Warden of Winchester College, the Council of the Royal Irish Society, the Vice-President of New Inn Hall, Oxford, the Deans of Hereford and Ely, Sir William and Lady Heathcote, the Vicar of Romsey, Sir Philip de Malpas Grey Egerton, Mr. Way, and Mr. Hailstone. The curiosities are ranged in the catalogue under the following heads:—1. 'Early British Antiquities'; 2. 'Irish and Roman Antiquities'; 3. 'Embroidered Ecclesiastical Vestments'; 4. 'Ecclesiastical Vessels'; 5. 'Enamels'; 6. 'Miscellaneous.' The splendid crimson velvet covers of the fifteenth century attracted general attention. The Vicar of Campten exhibited 'A Frontal of rich damask silk, embroidered with flowers, with a figure of the Virgin Mary, in a radiated aureole, supported by angels in the centre of the cloth.' This was, perhaps, the great ornament of the gallery, though the ladies seemed to attach much interest to a sacramental linen cloth, "worked by Mary Chafield," with the date 1579 upon it. Mr. Shaw (so well known for his publications illustrating of the Art of the Middle Ages) exhibited a small quarto Prayer-book, the tiniest thing for use imaginable, printed by H. Middleton for Christopher Barker (1574), and presented by the Lady Elizabeth Tirwitt to Queen Elizabeth, who is said to have worn it by a chain suspended from her neck. The fastenings form part of the cover, which is of very beautiful enamel gilt. The great genius of Holbein found employment in designs of this description; two of his designs for covers being still preserved among the Sloane MSS. in the British Museum. Another ornament of this description was exhibited by Mr. Farrer: an enamelled Coffin inclosing a silver skeleton. This very curious ornament was probably worn appended to the girdle, and will remind the reader of some of Dr. Donne's rings and memorials of a like description. The Corporation of Winchester exhibited a Winchester bushel and gallon, of brass, of the time of Henry VII., and a Winchester pint and half pint (goodly measures both, full and capacious) of the time of Queen Elizabeth, with E. R. and the date 1601 upon both of them. Mr. Shirley, M.P. exhibited a Mayor Bowl of the fifteenth century, inscribed "In the name of the trinite fille the kup and drinke to me." Sir William Heathcote exhibited a snuff-grater of lime-tree wood, curiously carved in the style of the Dutch workmanship of the seventeenth century, with the arms of the Commonwealth upon it, the initials R. C. and the date 1660, said to have belonged to Richard Cromwell, the Protector, who lived at Hursley, the seat of the Heathcote family, to whom it was sold by the daughters of the deposed Protector. We can do little more than refer to some of the remaining curiosities—to the armillas of gold, exhibited by Sir Philip Egerton—to the episcopal rings, exhibited by the Deans of Winchester and Hereford—the Roman glass, the property of the noble President—the black-jacks, drinking vessels and haunce-pots;—all were interesting,—but it is now time to resume our ac-

count of the transactions of the Institute during the remainder of the week.

At the meeting of the Historical Section, in the Town Hall, on Thursday morning, Mr. Hallam in the chair, Mr. Edward Smirke read a paper on the building itself and its noble and interesting ornament, the Round Table of King Arthur.—The late Dr. Milner, and others who preceded him, (Mr. Smirke observed,) have stated, as a fact beyond contradiction, that the Assize Hall of Winchester had been a chapel dedicated to St. Stephen, and coeval with the King of that name, by whom they suppose the Castle to have been built, and the Round Table of Arthur made. In consequence of this current belief, a controversy has lately arisen at Winchester, and the county has been charged with the desecration of an ecclesiastical building. Now, I wish to show to you, in contradiction to the received belief, that the Hall we are now in was an ancient hall of the Castle, erected, or rather rebuilt, by Henry III. The arrangement and plan of the building indicate that this was its original destination, though the centre and two side aisles give a colour to the idea that it was an ecclesiastical building. The windows and seats under them, and the position and form of the windows would show, however, that it was originally a hall. Nor is it probable so large a chapel existed where there was no collegiate or conventual establishment. The contemporary records testify there were four chaplains and chaplains in, or attached to the Castle, who were paid by eleemosynary stipends out of monies that annually came into the sheriff's hands, and there was no endowment or provision for an establishment adequate to the service of so magnificent a chapel. These presumptive proofs against its dedication as a chapel are confirmed by the Pipe, Liberate, and other rolls and accounts, extending through the reigns of Henry III., Edward I., Richard II., and Henry VI., in all of which the "Great Hall" is constantly referred to, and no such chapel as St. Stephen ever mentioned. The Castle was probably erected by the Conqueror, and there was a hall before the time of Henry III., but the latter sovereign was doubtless the substantial founder of the present Hall, which was perhaps based on the old one. Numerous entries in contemporary rolls point out the gradual progress of the work, and the expense of the carriage of stone for the columns is mentioned in detail in detached accounts. The hall was probably always used for the administration of justice. There is a striking instance in the reign of Henry III., mentioned by Matthew Paris. In the reign of Elizabeth it was in a decayed state, and underwent repairs by the corporation and the Crown; and the local records of the county, which begin in the 16th century, show its constant designation as "the Great Hall" and constant use for the purposes of assizes and sessions. Connected with the history of the Hall is that of the Round Table on the wall at the east end. The present painting on it is no doubt not older than Henry VII. or Henry VIII., and it was probably painted either on the birth of Prince Arthur, son of Henry VII., or the visit of the Emperor Charles V., in the reign of Henry VIII.; but it is not improbable that it is the representative of a work of art coeval with the rebuilding of the Hall by Henry III. The records in his reign show, that, when the Hall was completed, a wheel of fortune was painted on the eastern gable of the Hall. The general form of this, as evidenced by other representations of it in churches, &c., much resembles Arthur's Table. Besides this, an order in the same reign is extant in the Tower, to paint a "Mappa Mundi," on the west end of the building. Mr. Smirke thought it not improbable that this Mappa Mundi was the origin of the Round Table. The romance of Sir Degrevant shows that the old "Mappa Mundi," whatever it might be, must have contained either a delineation or written account of Arthur and his knights of the Round Table; and it seems probable that the architect, Elias of Dereham, selected that subject of the "Mappa Mundi" as the most appropriate to a hall and castle intimately associated with the tradition of Arthur and his knights, and painted it on a table purporting to be that at which they sat. The subject was familiar in the 12th and 13th centuries from the romances of Chrestien de Troyes and Manessier, and Henry himself is recorded to

have been acquainted with romantic fiction. Hence the present Round Table may have derived its origin, though the painting, and even the substance, of the table may have undergone more than one change during the interval of 600 years and upwards. He, Mr. Smirke, had not been able to find any distinct reference to the Round Table of King Arthur prior to that contained in the Chronicle of Hardyng, where it is described as yet hanging at Winchester. Leland also referred to it, but it is in no way described by either Hardyng or Leland. A MS. in the Royal Library at Madrid (hitherto unnoticed) descriptive of the coronation of Philip and Mary, describes it as composed of twenty-five compartments painted in green and white, the exact number of colours and compartments of which it at present consists. The character of the decoration was of the age of Henry VII. or Henry VIII., not earlier.*

Mr. Smirke's paper gave rise to some discussion, in which Mr. John Gough Nichols took a part. Mr. Nichols observed that the Wheel of Fortune was painted on the walls of the royal palaces of Westminster and Clarendon, and that the greater part of such a description of painting was discovered in 1840, behind the old pulpit in the choir of Rochester Cathedral, where it may still be seen. The figure of Fortune, personified as a queen, is drawn, seated on the summit of her wheel. Mr. Nichols further remarked that the paintings mentioned in the old rolls of the king's works were commonly painted on the interior walls of palaces or churches, not on tables of boards like the table suspended in the County Hall. He was of opinion, moreover, that the three subjects at Winchester, of the Mappa Mundi, the Rota Fortuna and the Round Table of King Arthur at Winchester, were three distinct subjects; and in his opinion the Round Table of King Arthur was originally made to lie flat like a dinner table; and this supposition is supported by the fact that the level spots on which tournaments were held were called Round Tables.

In the same Section—Mr. Kemble read a paper on Saxon Surnames; Sir Thomas Phillips a MS. Account of the Marriage of the Duke of Burgundy with the sister of King Edward IV.; and Mr. T. Hudson Turner on the Ancient Customs and Usages of St. Giles Fair, near Winchester.

In the Section of Early and Mediæval Antiquities (Mr. Hamilton in the chair), held in the Crown Court of the County Hall, at the same hour with the Historical Section in the Nisi Prius Court of the same building, papers were read by the Dean of Hereford on the Antiquities in the neighbourhood of Hereford,—by Mr. M. H. Bloxam on Roman Burial-places,—by Mr. Ford Alwyn Compton, a paper on Encaustic Tiles, and, by Mr. W. H. Thoms, 'On Coronals of Roses as badges of honour, and on the Golden Rose annually blessed by the Pope.' Mr. Thoms's attention had been directed to this subject by a passage in Caxton's edition of Reynard the Fox: "the kynge gaf to hym a garland of rooses whiche he must alway were on his head," and by the effigy of Gower the poet, who is represented on his monument, in the church of St. Saviour's, Southwark, "with a chaplet like a coronet of four roses on his head," Stow adding that "John Gower was no knight, neither had he any garland of ivie and roses, but a chaplet of four roses only." Mr. Thoms was of opinion that the custom of kings bestowing coronals of roses as marks of high consideration and respect was in all probability only a regal copy of the custom which prevailed at Rome, of the Pope bestowing the rose he had blessed on those he delighted to honour. Mr. Thoms concluded a pleasing paper (on a subject hitherto but little understood), by reading a list he had compiled of the several individuals who had been honoured by the Pope with this mark of his esteem. Pope Julius II. sent a rose to Henry VIII. in 1510, and Pope Julius III. a rose to Philip and Mary.

The Sections over, a numerous party made an excursion to Romsey to inspect the Church of that ancient Abbey, founded in the reign of Edward the Elder, for Benedictine nuns. No part of the abbey

* As Mr. Smirke further referred to the short accounts of Aubrey and Ashmole, he may be glad to be reminded that Evelyn saw it in 1642. (See his Diary.)

or cloisters now remains, but the church is an interesting specimen of Norman work, with various later additions. The repairs now in progress are extensive, and in better taste than usual. The Vicar, the Hon. and Rev. Gerard Noel, is said to have subscribed 1,800*l.* towards the repairs of the church, and a further sum of 70*l.* was subscribed on the spot by the members of the Institute. The Rev. J. L. Petit explained the plan and peculiarities of the edifice, and Mr. Cockerell, R.A. and Mr. Benjamin Fenny, added some interesting professional observations. The day was uninterruptedly fine, and the excursion altogether a pleasant and instructive trip.

The same evening the members of the Institute dined in the St. John's Rooms,—the noble President, the Marquis of Northampton, in the chair.

On Friday, at an early hour, excursions were made to the ruins of Netley Abbey, "a most beautiful ruin in as beautiful a situation" (so it is described by Gray) and to Porchester Castle, its Roman walls and its Norman keep. Mr. Hartshorne undertook to explain the structure of the outer walls,—the bonding courses of tile and limestone, the nature of the ashler work between the coursings and the composition of the cement. The mortar, he said, was partly made of pounded brick,—and breaking a bit from off the wall, he observed,—"In whatever part of the world I might have found that piece of mortar, I should have known it to have been of Roman mixing." Mr. Hartshorne has evidently paid a good deal of attention to Roman remains in Britain, and to military architecture in general. We could wish, however, that he would imitate his friend Professor Willis in taking a more enlarged view of the building he undertakes to illustrate. The Roman work at Porchester, whatever it may once have been, forms but a small part of the existing building, the main portion of which is Norman; but Mr. Hartshorne contented himself with tile courses and ashler-work, limestone courses and cement. On Mr. Hartshorne's principle of explaining a building, Professor Willis had confined himself to the Norman portion of the cathedral; but the Jacksonian Professor did not restrict his observations to a transept, but explained the several portions of the building. Walkelyn and Wykeham, Edington and Fox received their due proportion of notice and commendation.

The country from Fareham to Netley, and from Fareham to Porchester, indeed the whole appearance of the Southampton Water, has been beautifully described by Gray in one of his letters to Dr. Wharton. "Take notice," he says, "that the oaks grow quite down to the beach, and that the sea forms a number of bays little and great, that appear glittering in the midst of thick groves of them. From Fareham to Southampton, where you are upon a level with the coast, you have a thousand such peeps and delightful openings. I have been at Titchfield, at Netley Abbey at Southampton, at Bevis Mount, and at Winchester." So that Gray had made the same trip as the members of the Institute made ninety years before them.

We must here for this week close our Report of papers read, and conclude with an account of proceedings of the GENERAL MEETING which was held on Monday, the MARQUIS OF NORTHAMPTON in the chair.

On Monday, at 12 o'clock, a General Meeting was held at St. John's Rooms, the MARQUIS OF NORTHAMPTON in the chair.

The Rev. S. R. MAITLAND, treasurer, read a brief abstract of the accounts, which presented a very flourishing appearance, showing a balance in hand of 529*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. A. WAX then read the following Report:—I have the honour to report to the meeting on the present occasion several circumstances which may justly be regarded as of a very encouraging nature as connected with the future prospects of this society. It must be highly interesting to all persons who desire the welfare and permanent establishment of our association to observe the friendly sympathy and disposition to co-operate in our endeavours shown at the present time, not only by numerous distinguished individuals, but

also by public bodies in various parts of the kingdom, instituted for similar purposes to our own. I have to announce amongst the donations received for the Library of our society, a work of no ordinary interest, presented by his Excellency the Chevalier Bunsen, being his recently published *Dissertations on the Basilicas of Christian Rome, and their connexion with the Theory and History of Church Architecture*. The Irish Archaeological Society, by a vote of council, have presented a series of their valuable Communications on subjects connected with the ancient history of Ireland, which are this day laid before you by their secretary, the Rev. Dr. Todd, honorary member of your Central Committee. That gentleman, in his official capacity as a member of the council of the Royal Irish Academy, has also been charged to submit for the inspection of the present meeting the very remarkable collection of drawings, which represent, in the most striking manner, the weapons and implements of the early races by which Ireland was occupied. This exhibition, forming an illustrated catalogue of the museum, supplies a series of examples highly valuable as evidences for the purpose of comparison with the few scattered remains of the same period found in our own island, and of essential service for the arrangement of a class of objects hitherto very imperfectly studied by English antiquaries. This interesting collection may still be seen in the museum which has been formed at the Deanery. The Society of Antiquaries of Scotland have shown, with singular liberality, their desire to promote our cause by the vote of their council to send the more valuable antiquities preserved in their museum for exhibition at this meeting. We must deeply regret that a domestic calamity has deprived us of the gratification of seeing amongst us this day their secretary, Mr. Turnbull, one of your local representatives at Edinburgh, to whom this valuable charge had been intrusted. The Principality has likewise shown itself not less zealous in behalf of our society, and the friendly feeling of the Royal Institution of South Wales has induced that body to forward to Winchester a valuable contribution to the rich stores which have been exhibited. They have been despatched by their honorary librarian, Mr. G. G. Francis, your local secretary for Glamorgan-shire, whose unavoidable absence from our meeting is much to be regretted. I cannot omit, on this occasion, to invite the attention of members to the very great benefit which would accrue to us from the formation of a library at our apartments in London, composed chiefly of modern archaeological publications, which I feel assured would greatly facilitate the researches of many of our members. I have to report that the number of our subscribing members amounts at the present time to upwards of 700; and, whilst I cannot but congratulate the society on this rapid increase of our supporters, I must hope that we shall, by a still greater augmentation of our body, gain extended means of carrying into effect that system of correspondence and research which is amongst the chief objects of our institution. It must be borne in mind that, with the present moderate rate of our annual subscription, it will be difficult to carry our intentions into effect unless aided by the co-operation of a very numerous body of subscribers. I cannot omit, at the close of this most gratifying meeting of our society, to call attention to the encouraging fact that so large a proportion of the members who pledged themselves to attend on this occasion, amounting to upwards of 150, many of whom were engaged in important professional and official duties, should have been enabled to realize their promise of attending and taking part in our proceedings here. More than two-thirds of that number have given their active and cordial co-operation on this occasion. The causes which have unavoidably prevented some of our warmest friends from joining us at the present time have been already announced, and I will, by permission, lay before you several communications which have been subsequently received.—Letters of explanation and regret were then read from the following gentlemen, who had intended to have taken part in the proceedings,—the Deans of Exeter, Salisbury, Peterborough, and Chichester, the Chevalier Bunsen, Archdeacon

Burney, Rev. Dr. Spry, Messrs. Hardwicke, A. Poynter, A. Acland, R. B. Phillips, Sidney Herbert, M.P., and Mr. Turnbull, Secretary of the Antiquarian Society of Scotland. Mr. Way, in conclusion, observed, "I will no longer detain the meeting with any further remarks, but I cannot conclude without offering my hearty congratulation on the highly favourable auspices under which this meeting has so happily been conducted, and the hopeful promise which is afforded to us by the character of its proceedings."

The PRESIDENT then addressed the meeting. We have now, he observed, to proceed to the more important business of establishing the laws for our future guidance; and there is one point of considerable importance to which I will now direct your attention, as it is one on which may arise misconception or misconstruction. We have been ourselves put to great inconvenience, and the public generally have been put to great inconvenience—to use a vulgar and old saying—by there being two Simon Pures in the field. It is inconvenient to persons wishing to join us—it is inconvenient to parties wishing to join other associations—it is inconvenient to all; and seeing the way in which we have been supported by the public, the public are, I think, entitled to consideration at our hands, and I am of opinion that we should change our name. I thought of this some time since, and just before going abroad had a conversation with Mr. Way on the subject, to see if we could not arrange it before another meeting. I recommended to our rivals—not that I mean to call Lord Albert Conyngham my rival, for I believe that his intentions are of the best kind, although I am afraid he has allowed himself to be deceived—I wrote to him, recommending that both, by common consent, should change our names, and that as there were two words to the present title—Archæological Association—we should take one word and they the other; that one should be called the Antiquarian Association, and the other the Archæological Society. I will read to you Lord Albert's reply, which I think honourable to him individually. I am sorry to say I cannot read you my letter, for I unfortunately did not preserve a copy of it. The Marquis then read Lord Albert's letter, the summary of which is, "that he could not well make the Marquis's proposition to members of an association who had just elected him their president, as by so doing, they would admit that they had assumed a title without any claim to it. They were willing to listen to any proposal for re-uniting the society, but such proposal must come from the other side. He, however, was willing to make any personal sacrifice to secure such object." To this the Marquis rejoined, "that he was afraid any attempt to unite the bodies at present would be more likely to prevent than produce so desirable an object; that he did not wish the other party to make any concession, for if it was a concession on one part, it must have been equally so on the other. The reason he had suggested that the first step should be taken by them was because they were to hold their meeting first, and would thus have the first opportunity: besides, Lord Albert was president of his section, while he (Lord Northampton) was only the local president elect of the other. He did not intend that either party should abandon their claim to be the Association, but simply for mutual convenience each to give up part of their common name." I did not succeed, but my feelings still remain the same. We do not now call upon you to make any concession to the other party, but to look to the public convenience; that public who have so generously supported us on the present occasion, and who have a right to say, "Why put us to this inconvenience? Why make matters personal that ought not to be personal? Why talk of the Way party and the Wright party?" We are now strong. We can say to Lord Albert, "You are the minority; the name is of no consequence to us, you may have it." We are 700. (Loud cheers.) Under these circumstances I deny that we are making any concession, but if we are, we can afford to make it. We do not say we are not in the right, for I believe we are. We were right in not consenting to the violent measures taken at the time. Our opponents always avoid the real question at issue. Lord Albert Conyngham resigned

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the presidency, and this put us into a difficulty. There are times when it is necessary for public bodies to use violent means, but they should always avoid being more violent than is absolutely necessary. Now, in this case, admitting, for the sake of argument, there was a grievance to be redressed, all that could be necessary was that the general committee should be called upon to call a general meeting of the members. However, they held a meeting, at which about 150 out of 1,700 or 1,800 members attended. No notice was given that they, the minority, intended to turn out the majority of the committee; but an intimation rather to the contrary. What right, then, had they to turn them out? What power to do so? None. We had a right to say we would not abide by the decision of such a meeting; and, mind another thing, the meeting took place before Easter—three weeks or a month before any one was in London. A meeting so called, had no power to re-elect Lord Albert Conyngham. We will not now go into the question of the *Album*. If, for the sake of argument, there had been mistakes, that does not justify such a proceeding. However, our change of name does not admit the correctness of their proceeding; the only parties concerned are ourselves and the public, and I think the latter have a right to expect such much at our hands. I must now refer to a statement by Mr. Pettigrew published in the *Times* to-day. He says, "I cannot but deeply regret to see a nobleman for whom I entertain the highest respect standing forth as the leader of the secessionists, and in his speech, as reported in your paper of this day, he is represented to describe himself as 'one of the earliest members that joined the association, and afterwards filled the situation of president of the architectural section.' Now, Sir, this must surely be an error of your reporter, for the Marquis of Northampton never attended a meeting of the association, never proposed either a member or a correspondent, never subscribed to the funds, nay, even declined to be president of the central committee upon its formation, on the ground of his position as President of the Royal Society. The only architectural section ever held was at Canterbury, and Professor Willis was the president." In regard to my being one of the earliest members of the association, I believe I was, though I was not a contributing member previous to the split, owing to my absence from town, and my desire to know what sums were given by others; but after the separation I at once made a donation, because I thought it advisable, that the President of the Royal Society should discontinue an irregularity so dangerous as a precedent. The reporter was wrong in stating that I claimed to have filled the situation of President of the architectural section. What I did say was, that I had accepted the office for the present meeting, but did not fill it in consequence of my having subsequently accepted the office of President of the meeting. It is also true that I never attended any meeting, because there never has been more than one meeting. At that I fully intended to have been present, but, going abroad, I was prevented. In fact, my health would at that time have hardly allowed me to attend. To return, however, to our regulations. The committee have come, after great consideration, unanimously to the determination to change our name and adopt a fresh one. It is not one of the names I recommended to Lord Albert; but still it will show I was sincere in my offer. We are to be called the Archaeological Institute of Great Britain. The word "Institute" is, I think, a better name than "Society," and it is borne by one of the leading bodies of Europe—I mean the Institute of Paris. The word implies that we mean to teach, and that we are not merely a company met together for the sake of society. I think it will be a very dignified name. There will be no difficulty in regard to our Journal—the name will remain the same. The next number of the *Archaeological Journal* will be No. 7; the last was No. 6. You are now called upon to confirm the decision of the committee; you, of course, have a perfect right to negative the decision of that committee. This, however, I trust, you will not do; but place that confidence in them which I think they have deserved at your hands. So far we have had a prosperous voyage, and are nearly in port, where I hope we shall arrive safely. With these observations I hope

I have made my farewell speech to the controversy, and that we shall have no more of it. If absolutely necessary to defend ourselves, of course we must not shrink from it; but, as we shall abstain from attacking others, I hope others will abstain from further attacking us.

At the suggestion of Mr. BABINGTON, the name was altered to the "Archæological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland."

The rules and regulations for the government of the Institute were then read and agreed to.

The Dean of WINCHESTER then moved that the Marquis of Northampton be requested to take the chair for the ensuing year, and let me add, he said, in the words of the poet—

—Northampton, take the chair—
Nor quit it till thou put thy equal there.

Mr. J. H. MARKLAND seconded the motion.

The Marquis of NORTHAMPTON (who was greeted with loud cheering) rose and said,—"I am perfectly willing to accept the presidency until the next meeting, when I trust you will find some person connected with the locality in which you may assemble to take the office, and under whom I shall be very happy, if I can be of any use as vice-president, to act as such. His Lordship then read a list of the general committee for the ensuing year, which was submitted to the meeting, and carried; and Mr. W. Burge and the Rev. C. Hartsdorne were elected auditors for the ensuing year.

The PRESIDENT then said—"The next business we have to consider is the place of meeting for the ensuing year. We were last year well received at the first archiepiscopal see, viz., Canterbury, and the committee think it right that we should next take York. York possesses peculiar advantages: its Minster is second to no cathedral in the kingdom, and there are ruins of a magnificent abbey within the city walls. There are also the remains of a castle. I do not speak of the minor objects in which the neighbourhood abounds, or of the architectural magnificence of Beverley Minster, of Selby or Rievaulx Abbeys; indeed, Yorkshire, though a county three times as large as any other county in England, has more than three times the attractions of any other.

Carried unanimously.

Mr. J. H. MARKLAND then read an invitation from the Archdeacon of Bath, in the name of the Dean and Chapter of Wells, for the association to meet at an early year in their cathedral town.—A vote of thanks was returned.

Thanks were then voted to the Dean and Chapter of Winchester for the hospitality with which they had received the Association; to Mr. Thistlethwaite for the unlimited freedom of access which he had allowed for the examination of Porchester Castle; to Mr. Hailstone for his laborious services in arranging the museum; the Rev. W. Gunner, Mr. O. B. Carter, the Local Committee, and all who had given their support and countenance to the Association.

The PRESIDENT then rose and observed—"There remained one other person who especially deserved their thanks, and the pleasure of proposing them he had reserved for himself—that was Mr. Albert Way. The noble Marquis then highly eulogized the services of Mr. Way, and the eulogium was heartily responded to amid loud and long-continued cheers.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THE free and easy manner in which, now-a-days, kings look in on one another, at their country seats, does not, by any means, exclude such manifestations of welcome, on those occasions, as are right royal expressions of the resources of monarchs. The very simplicity and unpremeditatedness of such encounters may, in skilful hands, be even made the occasion of enhancing the magnificence of such gallantries; and this has been the case with one of the courtesies offered by that master of courtesy, Louis Philippe, to our Queen, Victoria, when she paid him a flying visit at his castle at Eu. The impromptu call was met by an impromptu display, of a somewhat novel character, a process of forcing having been employed,—in the department of the Arts, by which a picture-gallery was suddenly brought into full bloom, for the occasion, after a fashion irresistibly reminding us of the pleasant times of our boyhood when Aladdin

was a builder. That flowers like these, when they grow up in a night, are apt to be of that frail and perishing kind which, like the gourd of Jonah, wither also in a night, only adds to the costly character of the creation; and, accordingly, the artists of France were summoned, like so many genii, to aid in the sudden getting up of this gallant and tastefully-imagined *pièce de circonstance*. Anxious to receive his royal guest's second and familiar visit in the gallery which he has been forming to commemorate her first and formal one, the French King had all the unfinished portions of the walls covered with provisional pictures in water-colours,—not one of which, only eight days before, had been begun,—and so as to represent the entire scheme and effect of this international monument, as it may fairly be called. The grace of this idea, without reference to its magnificence, is in making the young Queen's present welcome consist in the evidences of the pleasant and abiding traces which her former presence under the French King's roof had left;—and the grace of its execution is, in our opinion, increased by the formal presentation to Her Majesty of all the artists who had thus wrought in her honour. The plan of the Victoria Gallery is as follows:—Its farther extremity is occupied by the portrait of the Queen of England, placed between those of Prince Albert and the Queen of the Belgians. Beneath the portrait of Queen Victoria stands a magnificent vase, of gold and silver, representing the combat of St. George,—given by Her Majesty to the King. At the opposite extremity, on each side of the entrance-door, are portraits of the King and Queen of the French. All these portraits are by Winterhalter. The right side of the gallery is occupied by pictures representing the former visit of the Queen of England to Eu;—the left by those representing the visit of the King of the French to Windsor. Besides these, the gallery contains busts of Queen Victoria, Prince Albert, and the Duke and Duchess of Kent—gifts of the English Queen. The furniture of the gallery is of sculptured oak; and its oaken wainscoting, like the furniture enriched by mouldings of gold, was also scarcely commenced a week since. In the private closet which the Queen occupied two years ago, she found, amongst other feelingly-selected ornaments, the full-length portraits of her father and mother—the latter by Winterhalter, the former by an unknown artist called Sir William Picci. It is in Sir William Beechey's style.

Suffering as the book interest in Paris has long been from the foreign pirate, its members have just had the further provocation (for it is that, even while it is also a good fortune) to discover a nest of pirates at their own door. By the skilful management of M. Bailleul, Inspector in Chief of Libraries and Printing Offices, the detection has been complete of an establishment in which this infamous traffic has been carried on upon a most extensive scale. In the printing office at Cognac, by a rapid and well-concealed movement, the forms were seized on the press, thousands of sheets half or quite printed, pages set up in the chases, on the stones, and in the galleys;—and at the warehouse, in Angoulême, in a space contrived between the exterior and inner walls, upwards of eighteen thousand volumes, principally standard books of education and science, but including also the works of De Lamartine, and even a publication so recent as 'Thiers's History of the Consulate and the Empire.' Printers and proprietors, together with the evidences of their crime, are all in the hands of justice.

The Academy of the Fine Arts, in the same capital, has filled up the vacancy in its ranks occasioned by the death of the sculptor Baron Bosio, by the election of M. Lamaire to a chair in that section.—The Duke de Broglie is spoken of as the probable successor of M. Royer Collard at the French Academy.—The Scientific Congress at Reims closed on the 10th inst.; after having selected Marseilles as the place of its fourteenth Session, on the 1st of September in next year.

The Italian theatre in Paris is to open on the 2nd of October, with the *Puritani*.

We learn also that the statue of Glory executed by Cartot, and placed in the Pantheon after the removal of the Emperor's ashes, during which it figured before the Chamber of Deputies, is about to be immediately cast and erected on the summit of

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13 1 14 4 1 11 6 56 5 4 0 4 14 0
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When Policy Issued.	Date of Policy.	Sum Assured.	Original Premium.	Reduced Annual Premium (for the next year).
20	On or before 8th of May, 1840.	£1,000	£19 6 8	£13 4
40	1,000	24 6 4	12 4 2	
60	1,000	31 10 0	15 15 0	
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 E. W. Williams, Esq.

The object of the above Company is to carry into effect the report of the Metropolitan Improvement Commissioners (7th February 1840) recommending an embankment of the northern shore of the Thames, and to connect such embankment with a railway proceeding from the proposed site of the Central Terminus Company, at or near Hungerford-market, to the Blackwall Railway at Fenchurch-street, and (crossing the river) to the South-Eastern, Croydon, and Brighton Railways, at London-bridge.

Applications for Shares may be addressed to the Secretary, at the Temporary office of the Company, 32, Charing-cross; to the Solicitors and Parliamentary Agents; and to the following Agents and Sharebrokers, of whom also prospectuses may be obtained, more fully explaining the object:—Messrs. R. and W. Hichens & Harrison, Threadneedle-street; Mr. H. J. Williams, 50, Old Broad-street; Messrs. Barclay, Allsop & Mercier, Exchange-buildings; Messrs. Mackenzie & Lawrence, 38, Cornhill, London; Messrs. Forsyth & Pritchard, Liverpool; Messrs. Joistone & Bradley, Manchester; Mr. James Pearson, Birmingham; Mr. Luke Arnold, Bristol; Mr. Thomas Sanford, Exeter; Messrs. Watson & Co. Leeds; Mr. Robert Allan, and Messrs. John Robertson & Co. Edinburgh; Messrs. M'Esken & Auld, and Fould & Cockburn, Glasgow.

Such parties as are shareholders in the Blackwall, Croydon, South Eastern, and South Essex Railway Companies are requested to signify the same in their letters of application.

SOVEREIGN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

(PROVISIONALLY REGISTERED.)
 5, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON.
 To be established by Act of Parliament, for the Assurance of Lives, and for effecting all other Contracts depending upon Life Contingencies, and also for granting Loans upon a new and highly beneficial system.
 Capital, One Million, in 100,000 Shares, of £10. each.
 Deposit £1 10s. per share.
 Note.—In pursuance of the Act of Parliament, 10s. per cent. only (or 1s. per share) will be received until the Company obtains a certificate of complete registration, when notice will be given for the payment of the residue of the deposit, and the Company will commence its operations.

Trustees.
 The Right Hon. Lord Rossmore.
 Sir Augustus Bridges Hennekir, Bart. Hawley, Stowmarket, Suffolk.
 Benjamin Bond Cabell, Esq., F.R.S., F.S.A., Temple.
 Henry Fownall, Esq., Russell-square, and Spring-grove, Hounslow.
 Claude Edward Scott, Esq., Cavendish-square.
Provisional Directors.
 Lord Arthur Lennox, M.P., Chesham-place, Belgrave-square.
 The Right Hon. Lord Macdonald.
 Henry Broadwood, Esq., M.P., Whitehall.
 Thomas Colpitts Granger, Esq., Temple.
 Charles Farebrother, Esq., Alderman, Leadenhall-street, Strand.
 John Ashburner, Esq., M.D., Wimpole-street, Cavendish-square.
 William Tullio Fraser, Esq., Manchester-square and Crosby-square.
 John Gardiner, Esq., Avenue-road, Regent's-park.
 Alexander Ogilvie, Esq., Northumberland-street.
 Aaron Asher Goldsmid, Esq., Cavendish-square.
 Philip Tait Blyth, Esq., Austin-friars, and Lion-house, Clapton.
 Henry William Fownall, Esq., Russell-square.
 With power to add to their number.

Auditors.
 James Fraser, Esq., Park-square West, Regent's-park.
 James Gernon, Esq., Conduit-street.
 William Wallace, Esq., Austin-friars and Cadogan-place.
 Edward Watson, Esq., St. Helen's-place, and Frogmole, Hampstead.
Bankers.—Sir Claude Scott, Bart. & Co., Cavendish-square.
Standing Counsel.—Mr. Sergeant Manning, Serpents Inn; W. H. Brough, Esq., Middle Temple.
Solicitors.—Messrs. Davies & Son, Warwick-street, Regent-street.
Consulting Physician.—John Power, Esq., M.D., Great Queen-street, Westminster.
Medical Referees.—Edward Duke Moore, Esq., Arlington-street; Francis Graydon Johnston, Esq., Saville-row.
Consulting Actuary.—J. J. Sylvester, Esq., M.A., F.R.S.
Surveyors.—Arthur Mee, Esq., Carlton-chambers, Regent-street; Frederick C. J. Parkinson, Esq., Saville-row.
Secretary.—George Cumming, Esq.

This Company, in addition to all the usual business of Assurance Companies, offers to the public a new system of Loans, more beneficial to the borrower, and yielding a better return to the shareholder, than any system at present in use.

Thus any person effecting an assurance with this Company, can borrow the full amount of the sum secured by his policy, upon giving collateral security for the payment of an increased rate of premium, fixed by the tables of the Company, according to the age of the person borrowing, and the amount borrowed, and interest on the loan for a limited number of years only; which will, in effect, repay the money borrowed, and maintain a policy on the life of the borrower, and he will not, as in ordinary cases, be liable to be called upon to repay, in one sum, and by a given day, the principal money lent.

A reference to the Prospectuses of the Company, which have been already advertised at length in the papers, and will be sent gratis to the shareholder, will show the mode by which the Company effects this object.

The Company will also advance money on Annuity, Mortgage, or other security.

Shareholders will receive a large remuneration in the shape of Bonus, arising from the operations of the Company, augmented by the profits on Premiums in connection with Loans, in addition to interest upon their capital invested in shares, besides, by the mode of distribution proposed by the Company, the certainty, in addition to an increasing rate of interest, of a proportionate increase in the value of the capital, by the appropriation of a certain portion of the accumulated profits to the Capital Fund of the Company.

Prospectuses, containing specimens of the tables, and every information, can be obtained from, and applications for Shares, in the name of form, made to the Secretary, at the Company's office, No. 5, St. James's-street, London; Messrs. Davies & Son, solicitors, 21, Warwick-street, Regent-street; Messrs. Tucker, Barnett & Ellis, brokers, Change-alley, Cornhill; and John Kyser, Esq., broker, Change-alley, Cornhill, London; Messrs. D. & J. B. Nelson, brokers, Liverpool; Robert M'Esken, Esq., broker, Manchester; J. B. Mundy, Esq., broker, Bath; Messrs. John Robertson & Co. brokers, Glasgow; Messrs. Gordon, Stuart & Chyren, W. S., and John R. Carter, Esq., W. S., Edinburgh; Messrs. Mein & Cunningham, brokers, Glasgow; W. N. Fish, Esq., North British Exchange Company, Aberdeen; and George Gatherer, Esq., solicitor, Kilmarnock.

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

To the Provisional Directors of the Sovereign Life Assurance Company.

Gentlemen.—I request you to allot me _____ Shares in the above Company, and I undertake to accept the same, or such less number as you may appropriate to me, and to pay the Deposit, and sign the necessary legal Documents, when required.

Dated this _____ day of _____, 1845.
 Name in full _____
 Profession or Business _____
 Address _____
 Name of Reference _____
 Address of Reference _____

Printed by JAMES HOLMES, of No. 4, New Ormond-street, in the County of Middlesex, printer, at his office No. 4, Toth-street, and Chancery-lane, in the parish of St. Andrew, in the said County, and published by JOHN F. AUSTIN, of No. 14, Wellington-street North, in the said County, Publisher, at No. 14, in Wellington-street North, for sale; and sold by all Booksellers and News-vendors.—Agents: (for Ireland,) J. Cumming, Dublin.—Saturday, September 20, 1845.

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